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Humanity's Spreading Curse.

AN EXPOSÉ.

PRICE, 35C.



HUMANITY'S SPREADING CURSE.

THE SCRIBES AND
PHARISEES.



AN EXPOSE,
BY ONE OF THEM.

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WHO IS RESPONSIBLE ?

The world is unsatisfied. Humanity is not happy. Life is a drag. Autumn leaves and ashes appear where bloom and hope might shine. Of course it is easy to say, man is hungry as the sea, dissatisfied as a born growler, and as unfit to live as a headless chicken. It is easy to say, too, that he is like a monster Frankenstein, ready to slay those who permit him to breathe the air of freedom.

But are humanity's grievances without their remedies, the aching pains without relief, the gnawing cancers past any cure, the crying evils eternal?

Who is responsible for the conventional lies of our civilization?

Who lies, defends falsehood and perpetuates sham?

Who is responsible for the steady rise of the squalor line and increase of the proletariat?

Who increases the hatred between nationalities and fires the imagination to individual combat?

Who destroys body and soul of the civilized man and woman?

Who lays waste the morning and noon of man's and woman's life?

Who sneers at science?

Who is Responsible?

Who favors barbarous customs?

Who erects the high perches for mediocre individuals and the women and defends them?

Who casts stones?

Who blackmails?

Who makes the levying of blackmail possible?

Who causes unhappiness?

Who preaches renunciation without reason, without cause?

Who favors deadness when there can be life?

Who is the enemy of flesh and blood?

Who administers the last kick to the suicide?

Whose morality is for the greatest possible harm?

Who originates and fosters secret vice?

Who swells his chest as a great moral institution?

Who exacts most and gives least?

Who objects to sunshine?

Who is responsible for the multitude of unemployed?

Who emancipates women indiscriminately?

Who assails emancipated women most bitterly?

Who shirks all responsibility?

Who is the industrial slave breeder?

Who plies the lash most unmercifully?

Who dupes?

Who obstructs the path of genuine progress?

Who denounces virtue (excellence)?

Who rides over judge and jury, right and privileges with impunity?

Who increases lunacy so alarmingly?

Who multiplies law instead of forbearance?

Who is the cause of all the atrocity of history?

Who seeks to convert free America into a priest-ridden hierarchy?

Who furnishes the periodical crop of saviours?

The almighty dollar?

Ignorance?

Passion?

Not all! Either one of these, only when abused, are instrumental to mischief. But either one of these have got their boss. The answer must be: The leaders, the teachers, the bell-wethers of the human herd, or those who are instrumental of abuse and non-use. For woman is ever what man makes her, man is ever what his tutor makes him. The human plasma is no more—if it ever was—a free, independent, unfaltering agency. It is pliable and mouldable to a high degree, if not altogether so. The few exceptions prove this rule. The attitude of the average individual is open-mouthed, open-eared, opinion-hungry. Not self-willed, self-opinionated and skeptic. The most absurd doctrines under the sun he receives ravenously and without questioning. Independent thought has plainly become a lost art with the common herd. Tell them, for instance, in a plausible manner, that pure air is bad to breathe and lo! 99 per cent. at once will hold their nose or endeavor not to breathe. Tell them it numbs the body to sleep too much and forthwith plenty will rob themselves of the necessary sleep. Tell anybody, as often happens, that under the tropics nature produces tenfold the amount of food and raiment than in the temperate climate, and lo! with difficulty is even a starving wretch convinced

that in *terra caliente*, every rich and juicy blade of grass must naturally turn into an unnutritious reed, and that a hot blazing sun ever will destroy as much as it produces. Even sentiment, no doubt the foundation of most opinions, is nevertheless likewise overthrown by unremitting perseverance and influencing.

Good or bad opinions are ever the springs of actions ; whosoever is responsible for opinions is likewise responsible for the result thereof. Environment may generate views. But whence comes environment, especially the artificial kind? *Man is the only manager for man's affairs on earth.* This management is not only poor, but bad. What is the cause of it? Poor or bad opinions, or the manufacture of wrong opinions, *i. e.*, intellectual dishonesty, or in plain English, *lying*.

Exact science, or the knowledge of truth, as perfected by the best brains of the white race in the nineteenth century, stands pure and unsullied. It plainly up to the hour of going to press, has furnished the only reliable opinions and the only standard whereby to measure anything. If science has any faults, plainly it is not deception or villainous fraud and its share in the origin of the evils of to-day can only be sought in its criminal modesty or criminal absence. The crime of scientific modesty is not by any means a small one, when we consider that science was, or soon will be, the first bell wether of the human herd, and as such ought to be the loudest one. Yet scientific modesty is defensible, or at least to-day hardly indictable. Science's crime

must rather be absence. Why is science absent when it ought to be present? Or is it present and cannot be heard on account of blowing of ram's horns with great loudness? If it should really be entirely absent is it because truth and honesty are crowded to the wall by whom? By some liar, or fakir, or raving idiot, or intellectual juggler, or mawkish sentimentalist? Who can be responsible for the absence of science (or truth) but fraudulent substitutes, such as Scribe literature, theology, sophism, fallacy, imagery, ignorance and false philosophy. Here only can be the culprits; here only can we look for the cause of the failure of the truth.

THE COMMON SCRIBE.

What levity ! To insult the sublime brotherhood of literary lights with that irreverent term of Scribe ! But of course you hope that I mean only the nuisance of the editorial sanctum—the literary hack. By no means. I mean by that term those brilliant, versatile, elegant lights that above humanity, above truth, above science, use their power of words for evil, who use their talent for catering to and perpetuating those older fanatic functions of the human mind which were man's stock in trade in undeveloped periods years ago. These are, in 1891 in America, "common" and professional. The literary hack is immaterial, the scientific scribbler, when not assailing truth, excusable. Those literary

professionals or amateurs who serve the useful or ornamental, humorous or sentimental, without inculcating cussedness are entitled to the high honors and lasting laurels usually bestowed. These are not common. These are "literary." These are not scribes. The common scribe knows not the truth, is one-sided, prejudiced, dangerous, criminal and malicious. Any man with average good sense can single out of the tons of literature that are unloaded daily, that part—not by any means small—which measured by the standard of the true, the beautiful and the good, must be condemned as the work of the common scribe.

Shakespeare said :

"Let me have men about me that are fat. Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights; yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ; he thinks too much : such men are dangerous."

Had he lived in the nineteenth century and seen the terrible increase of the scribe no doubt he would have said : Let me have men about me that can eat a meal. Yond' fiends persist in saying man eats too much and sleeps too long. My stomach growls as I behold their nervous, hollow glare. Let me have men whose noses turn not disgustingly from mother earth. 'Tis sad to hear such men cuss 'loud and openly the heroes of Olympian games and fasten angel's wings unto the tottering cripples of to-day. Advanced and civilized? I saw a pencil hero hurl epithets as vile as offal at the trembling form of a decent^s angel and call aloud for violence of the rabble. I see men daily making bitter war on nature's glory and, as if afflicted with a deadly virus,

run amuck at the sight of flesh and blood. Where Epicurus' sound philosophy illumined only one brief, happy day, these modern fiends plied torches of destruction to the altars of the tiny human plasma, and screeching night-owls of religion disturb the song of joyous lads and happy lasses. Yon men are certainly not human, much less humane. They are reptiles, venomous, cold-blooded, vile, ceremonious, bent on evil.

Of you men let us consider all those who have succeeded in transfixing that simple matter, thought, not in monuments of solid facts, but on paper for study, pleasure or out of malice or revenge. Whatever truth or science may emanate from an ephemeral or time honored library production, the first conspicuous thing about most is an animosity or contempt for all human clay, which is lessened or increased according to the amount of spirituality associated with the object of their hatred, for hatred and dislike it plainly is. Spirituality though with the average writer means not sense or intelligence, but soul, elevation, appearance, effect, immateriality, enchantment and imaginary wings. And it is quite certain if a square meal, a prize fight, a pretty ankle, a well shaped neck, a foot race, a dance, a keg of wine could only show the average literary individual to be coupled with some elevating humbug, his cries of corruption, beastliness, brutality, filthiness, baseness, perversity, etc, would at once cease. Whether self-glorification induces the common scribe to "fy animal" at his earthly make-up or not, certain it is that the

whole animal kingdom does not afford a single parallel and it is impossible to find a horse that would eat his oats and then turn round and curse it as vile offal and corruption that ought to be reduced or gradually wiped off the face of the earth. Nor is there a dog that would condemn a bone as an injurious thing, or sigh for a wing wherewith to fly away from a plate of sausages. Or is Moses, who longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt and denounced scores of animals as unclean and not fit to eat, merely an exception? Paul, whom a little carnal attention saved from death by shipwreck and who wishes (Romans VII, 6.) to be carnally minded is death, to be spiritually minded is life and peace, only inconsistent and allegorical? If they were, they nevertheless showed this peculiar trait of the scribe, who nowadays, as of old, concluded that happiness is only obtainable by total renunciation of it or a kind of a partial suicide. Or will you tell me that Scribe Tolstoi, who recognizes Nirwana or non-existence as the only happiness attainable, is in love with the human make-up? Or that the White Cross editor crusading against the "physical" is merely a hypocrite and does not mean it? There is not a newspaper printed that does not contain a fling at some physical trait of the human anatomy. There are very few books in existence that do not advocate some curtailment of life or the fountains of life. The very best modern standard works are literary productions that aim a blow at the true, the real, the physical, the solid and seek to undermine the earthly. *Moral humbug is actually changing human*

nature and not by any means for the better. Is not anti-flesh and blood crusading against the results of weak nerves and weak wills, or what is the cause of this modern brood that finds fault with the great advance of humanity at the time of the forming of the constitution of the United States and clamors aloud for crucifixion? It is the scribe who is the cause of the degeneration of the white race from the rational, high plane they once occupied when Epicurus framed his only sound philosophy of the sepreme good being found in that which is agreeable. It was the scribe that decried Epicurean philosophy; it is he that even now endeavors to belittle the high standard of the Grecian art, architecture, sculpture or painting that is scarcely equalled by the genii of the present day and which is so sincerely detested by their disciples in their modern crusades against museums and natural or rational literature. Crusading of any kind might be excusable if it did not lead to worse evils and was originated by lower passions. To generate leprosy with moral ideas and dig graves with spirituality might be permitted, but it does not stop there, nearly every week in the wild, untutored American "west" strong men in crowds drag forth defenseless women and beat them with switches half to death because they have not got a taste for a graveyard life. The former are said to be actuated by good motives for civilization or advancement. Is there not the rural scribe's malice, visible in those acts of barbarity, for in place of deprecating grudge and jealousy, he pours out idiotic lamentations over

the decay of manners and morality. It is the scribe that names a harmless, nay, beneficial action an outrage. It is the scribe that fans the low passions of untutored, joyless men by his call for "the people's revenge," "to deal terrible justice," "to appease the wrath of the source all law." It is usually the rural scribe that is responsible for the whipping-bee, the hanging match, the ambush shooting picnic, that a barbarous rural populace is only too ready to perpetrate, because there is no other recreation, and which the Greeks and Romans 100 B. C., would certainly be ashamed of. It is the scribe who inculcates the ideas of barbaric honor that induces a father to run his daughter with imprecations from house and home, and the ignorant yap's cry of "soiled bird" whispered into the ear of his colleague, is no less the evidence of the scribe and Pharisee's foul philosophy. The soiled bird can ever be only the yahoo covered with a crust of ignorance, the individual to be dishonored and despised must ever be the one who cringes before the opinions of his inferiors. To say "so and so is the truth," is no excuse, because the truth invented by the scribe and pharisee is invariably by the light of science pure and unadulterated falsehood, which is not whitewashed or converted into truth by isolation, blindfolding, manipulating the light, etc. It is the scribe's terminology which is characteristic of everything that is shady and it would be well for somebody to shed a few rays particularly on this sadly neglected subject for the benefit of mankind, especially on the word honor and purity conscience

and conscientiousness, a free moral agency and the foundations of duty. Every individual may have a right to roost as high as he pleases, and loftily point out which way to go, but if the perch or the percher leads to mischief or disorder, or converts the perching instinct into a vice then it is time to lower the superstructure to the bedrock of the latest unshaken truths. "Unshaken truth, ha-ha!—Here has Herbert Spencer already commenced to renounce his works. Ya-ha-ha!" gleefully rejoins the common scribe, and if the good that truth and science ever have discovered were to-day scattered back again into horrible chaos the scribe would jump for joy and clap his hands at the defeat of scientific labor with the usual "I told you so." Verily of all the vandals that lie in wait to throttle the tiny plant, that is a joy forever the average literary individual is only second to the reverend expounders of demonology. The bedrock foundations pointed out by a Spencer, a Huxley, a Mills, a Darwin, a Tyndall, a Helmboltz, to keep a future generation out of the quagmire of false teaching, and spare millions torture and needless pain, are nothing more to them than the red flag is to the infuriated bull. What science or a scientist is, a scribe has no more idea of than a peacock has of tin-type photography. John L. Sullivan's science, Christian science, spirit-rapping, mechanical ingenuity and plausible religious humbug, a weather prophet's tricks are just the same to him, if not better, than the data of Ethics, Origin of Species, or Conservation of Energy. That

the former are only weaker substitutes and poor imitations of the latter kind is not apparent to the scribe. 1891 truths are surrounded to him with a haze and 1691 humbug with a halo. The fondest hope of the common scribe is that 1891 truths may yet perish miserably and ignominiously, and that idiotic myths of ancient charlatans may come in vogue again with ordinances, law, fire and the sword. Exact science is to him like the sunlight is to a mole. There is not a library in existence that does not contain nine-tenths of scribe and Pharisee would-be-science to the exclusion of the true article. And what is the consequence? A cow, a dog, the birds in the air, the beasts in the woods, the fish in the water manage their affairs better, enjoy their life more satisfactory than the lords of creation—man. The African negro has more gumption than the book and paper reading white man, at least in finding ways and means to a sane life. And the latter may not always kill the goose that lays the golden egg, but his teachers will try very hard to do it for him. The pupil's remonstrance is in vain. Take for instance that part of our life which is called merely sensual.

No matter how busy throwing columns of cold water on truth, science or other better scribes, no matter how villainously silent on useful topics, no matter how hard he sits on the dissenter, no matter how great the discord among the fraternity, one thing is certain and indisputed among all the scribes in the land, and that is that sensuality is no good whatever. Poke a stick into a hornet's nest and you can-

not cause a greater fury than when you mention sensuality as a good thing to the scribes.

No matter if sensuality or 99 per cent. of it made man what he is, no matter if it is the only foundation of the little gumption man possesses or ever will possess, with them it is invariably man's basest, foulest, filthiest, dirtiest, nastiest attribute under the sun. Of course this is only consistent with their general hatred of the flesh.

It is no wonder really, after all, that proud and intelligent man's life is only a series of foolish trials and mistakes, his existence inferior to that of a dog, with no useful lessons left the coming helpless generation.

Far be it from me to convert a man into a mere sensualist, but if the ignoring of the sensual part of man ever yet has proved profitable I have been unable to hear from it. The sensuality of the human plasma is no doubt responsible for the ascent of man. The war on flesh and blood is the cause of the descent (degeneration) thereof. If mere sensuality debases, as it no doubt does, mere spirituality demoralizes. Decline is the result of either. For intellectual dishonesty is not sense, versatility of the semi-idiot not genius, deficiency of sex not intellectuality, gall is not courage, cowardice or spite not moral sensibility, a great humbug is not a great scientist, man is not an angel living on ether. Says the scribe: "Physical enjoyment is not happiness." In the name of all that is true under the sun, what is?

Is it the building of air-castles of a golden, impossible perhaps? Is it in racking your brains on the

impossibilities of the unknown and unknowable? Is it in hoisting golden calves and false gods? Is it in making war upon man's physical nature? Is it in insanity and morbidity? Is it in swapping lies? If so the scribes and Pharisees would be the happiest people under the sun. But they are not. Misery is the cause of their policy. Despair is at the bottom of their hope of immortality. Even the contentment they preach they have not got. Education and happiness plainly are strangers. Why? Because the scribe and Pharisee's insanity is at the bottom of the former. An educated fool and fool education are detrimental to physical enjoyment—happiness. In the despair of his addleheadedness he cries out "O! that accursed materialism that believes in nothing but eating and drinking and being merry," but in place of giving a useful or ornamental ideal, hoists up mischievous inanity; so that now the peaceful hours of rest are no more, night is turned into day, idiotic revelry is called pleasure, the almighty dollar the universal standard, the slavish faculties of the mind, the source of inspiration, weakness is refinement, the inventions of science become a curse and life is not worth living. The superhuman struggle for a crust of bread renders humanity helpless as an idiot and like a dry sponge absorbs the muddy water, so their intellects are compelled to imbibe the howlings and the wailings of those who know neither theory nor practice, who tolerate no improvement, no criticism, no science, and with the cry, "Only fools will venture where angels fear to tread," proclaim themselves guardian

cherubs of society. Let "society" command: "No lady shall be seen walking about after dark by herself," and lo! thousands of women confined all day in dingy rooms and sorely in need of fresh air, will lock themselves into their homes of shoel and misery only to obey the command of a literary wretch who styles himself or herself "society." Just mention the benefits of any physical enjoyment and lo! like a wolf attracted by the smell of blood, forth comes the city or rural scribe and wails worse than the banshee in his midnight keening, and asserts that man eats too much, man drinks too much, man sleeps too much, man rests too much, man revels too much, *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*. What is the consequence? Two thirds of the cases of dyspepsia, anæmia, malaria, collapses and death, have their cause, in nothing else but insufficient physical care. Two-thirds of the cases of insomnia and kindred horrors are traceable to an abstinence from necessary sleep and perhaps more than half of all other complaints are only due to scribe and pharisee regulation. Alcohol, that valuable and pleasant disinfectant of the human anatomy, that microbe slayer, bacillus sickener, bacteria chaser and death germ annihilator, alcohol for which the human plasma craves like a drowning rat for a saving stick of wood, is in the language of the scribe, "a decoction of hell, a river of filth reeking with the night soil of the damned," and beer something dulling and stupefying intellects and ruining moral sensibilities. There is nothing worse on earth than "licker," nothing more hellish than "beer

guzzling " and nothing can convince the scribe any better. Not even when miasma have eaten the vital principal out of his life-blood and port wine filtered into his bacteria reeking anatomy to prevent the premature, but well deserved collapse, at the eleventh hour, does he change his views. Whether prohibitionist or not he is forinist alcohol in some form or other with all his might and nothing but the totalest kind of abstinence can appease his wrath. In fact there is nothing beneficial under the sun to man, woman or child that the average scribe would not oppose with all his might and wipe out by total abstinence. What tears even Moses and the prophets, the Greeks and other ancient wine drinkers would weep could they but see these learned modern wise-acres and will-destroyers with their burden of doubly refined knowledge destroying every blessing of mankind despite the common sense of the people. It is astonishing how such superabundance of standard book-learning this day can result exactly in that state of mind that must have been peculiar to the serf in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries, when inquisition and kindred hells scattered death. The serf could not drink the wine he made but his Lord and master did it for him, the serf could not enjoy anything but restrictions, peremptory orders, hard work and the lash of the tyrant, and in consequence lost the capacity to enjoy. It was years after the release of the serf that they learned to enjoy life a little and gradually felt comfortable without a scourge, a boss and his restrictions ;

and here, under the light of the nineteenth century, turn up individuals who, after enjoying long years of freedom, are crying again for some restrictions in some form or other not because there is any harm done, only because the 'dilapidated mind wills it, and if they do not get them are wailing and moaning about "the ruinous license and coming collapse."

What is the consequence? Since sleep and food alone are not sufficient to support the human anatomy in the superhuman struggle for existence, recourse must be had to medicine. And as the expenditure of human energy is greatest in the nerve circuit, nerve tonics are in demand—in violent demand—so that now the drug habit is the national vice of the Americans—if the craving for narcotic stimulants can be called a vice. But the drug habit, not even the chloride of gold habit, supports the system as does that "nasty, abominable, hellish, etc. tippling of wine." No, indeed, ye of malice, grudge and bile, the baccillus or microbe living on nerve tissues and blood corpuscles camps on the trail of the total abstainer and the chloride fiend. The pallor of their cheek, the loss of vitality, is the proof of insufficient support from the outside. Wrong rules of life by the carload emanate from the scribe and sucker generator. If his disciple rolls in the ditch, kicks his wife or makes an ass of himself by drinking alcohol, the idiot is to blame, not the stuff he drinks. Our will power is nothing else but nerve strength. The "I will" or "I won't" depends only on a true perception or correct conception of the situation, but chiefly on nervous force to act.

There is no will with a weak, nervous system, however clear the head. The excessive appetite for liquor besides is easily converted into an appetite for some other poison. If a half idiot knows that when "drinking" he is converted into a maniac he may not be able to annihilate his appetite, but he can if he will abstain from insane conduct—this by the medicine route. If medicine-taking is no enjoyment, let those whom he annoys with idiotic conduct attempt to furnish him the better fun, to which he is entitled.

Alcohol in the form of beer or wine cannot be entirely eliminated from the household of the Caucasian, because it is a valuable aid to food rather than a medicine, if it is a poison. Wine and beer (lager) are superior to tea-poison as milk is superior to water. No human on earth can drink as much tea or coffee as he can wine or beer without injury. *The nervous diseases of the latter two are not so horrible as those of the former.* Many a headache, many an attack of typhoid fever, of insomnia, of melancholia, suicide or dipsomania had for its foundation nothing else but a harmless, real nice cup o' tea. Again, coffee is an angel in comparison with tea, which latter can only be enjoyed with impunity by an iron constitution. The redeeming feature of coffee only though is the aperient principle and its antiseptic qualities. This most forms of alcohol have too. But alcohol intoxicates. At least when the royal beast, man, has accumulated within himself or inherited a quantity of Scribe and Pharisee spirituality he naturally has lost all the virtues of a

beast, and to "make an ass of himself" comes as natural as rolling off a log. Of course no ass, no dog, would be guilty of all the acts of a drunken weakling, but such is the convenient phrase.

Without going into scientific details I would ask what would be the consequence if all alcohol, all narcotics or other stimulants, were removed off the face of the earth? Would the human race be happy without the appetite for nasty tobacco, or alcoholic swill, or snuff, betel, tea, coffee, cocoa, opium, mathe, etc.? Would humanity be more healthy? No, certainly not. The richest kind of food would not prevent anaemia. Microbes and baccilli, which detest narcotic poison as sincerely as the scribe does, would rejoice at its expulsion and invade the human anatomy wholesale, doctors and death would reap a rich harvest, disease and epidemics, perhaps the black death, the plague and malignant fevers would reappear. The crimes committed under the influence of "likker," for which after all only the Scribe and Pharisees' insane policy is responsible, would sink into insignificance in comparison with the mischief that must result from total abstinence of so-called "stimulants."

But that is not all. The readiness and cheerfulness with which the human plasma welcomes to its side noxious chemicals and the comfort, long or short, that follows tobacco, tea, coffee, wine, beer, etc., plainly proves, paradoxical as it may appear, that these are an aid to life and that the incessant warfare of death is suffering temporary defeat.

The term "waste of tissue" is, after all, nothing

but disease's and death's war on the life plasma. "Nerve-food," "nerve-stimulant" are only disinfectants.

Show me a man of success in life and in good health and there is a man who has found his disinfectant or disinfectants, be they beer, wine, tobacco, coffee, etc.

Show me a man who is so good that he never touched a drop o' likker or smoked a pipe or cigar, and there is a man who is not a success in life; in his valise is the quinine bottle and in his blood and heart is bile in great quantities.

"Hardy races are total abstainers," cries the scribe. Hardy and frugal races live in remarkably healthy countries, countries so poor that they could not support a vigorous microbe or vicious bacillus. Hardy races besides abstain from the excessive nerve-expenditure of civilization.

But this every school-boy from his school hygiene knows, if the scribe himself does not.

All good can be converted into evil. Malignity of disposition, ignorance and idiocy can turn a flower garden into a rubbish pile, but did you see a common scribe ever raise his voice or use his pen to prevent this? Is he not the champion of sack cloth and ashes by some route or other? Is he not against most good and all the beautiful? Is not almost every book written, every paper printed a defence of one or more of the six plagues of North America: The religious fantic, the law-making-demagogue, the unnatural female, the sweating monopolist, the yahoo hayseed and the microbe?

The six plagues are king of the proud United States. The scribes and pharisees are the guardian angels thereof.

Says he: "On paper we must ever dwell upon the noble, the pure and the beautiful in life, to make every reader better in heart, purer in soul and nobler in aspirations."

What a blessing the scribe cannot make animals read his books. What a blessing the faithful draft mule cannot be filled with aspirations, whereby he become too noble to pull his load, too pure to eat in the same stall with ordinary draft animals and so "good" in heart that it kicks at every thing in sight. Starting out on an absurd ideal and elevated plane the scribe will hoist his victim higher yet until the latter hits the ceiling as a white cap or drops as a dupe or idiot to meet in disgust his sound, but fleshly fellow mortals, whom the elevated wretch needs must crusade against with all might forthwith and forever.

The worst sin any scribe can commit is to convert our prepondering passion for the ornamental into pernicious subtlety and to neglect the already weak taste for the useful, as something vulgar, worldly, unromantic, low.

What is that "colonel," "doctor," "judge," "saint," or "saviour" speaking at some meeting in favor of some crusade, the like of which has not been heard of so far under the sun, but a aggregation of diabolical subtleties and gross ignorance? Who does not even know that one crusade necessitates another, that this year's crusade against houses of

evil repute necessitates in two more years a crusade against vicious street boys; to-day's prohibition victory causing next year shut-downs and street riots; this year's war an infidel's ripening; next year a revolt against church aggression. Subtlety is at no time equivalent to rugged honesty. Honesty is necessary to see the real truth. The ideal never is as true as the real; neither is refined deception as "good" as the truth.

But anti-flesh and blood doctrine, prohibition of all alcohol and good diet, the war on sensuality and the execrable praise of spirituality are discarded now by some scribes and in their place appear fads, fancies and frauds not as coarse and plain as these, but equally as pernicious and just as far removed from science and truth as these.

Every year the book-agent sallies forth and inflicts on a long suffering public at high prices thick volumes which have no other object than to cater to those low parts of the human mind that became fixed in ages of barbarity and bondage, which every sane individual seeks now to outgrow. Not a word of progress or betterment, not a line of truth or science, golden inanity, golden hopes of a golden nothing, golden love for a golden calf. Pagan ideas of virtue, savage notions of honor and pure words of religion flavored sentiment are thrown by a "true friend" in big chunks into the open mouth of the free moral hayseed agency.

Every week the great metropolitan and the small patent inside newspapers polish up the sharp and cutting lines of pitiless caste in the society col-

umns, so that the suicidal fool-standard of the "swim" may be perpetuated, no matter if the leading society lady catches tuberculosis from confinement to her room, not having the necessary gown for a placard write-up. In place of using the "swim" as noble examples of the art of pleasant life without debt, pistol shots, divorces and diseases, the society-man and society-woman are turned through idiotic laudatory notices into high-perched, useless members of the community. *Noblesse oblige* is not known in all America. There is not a book on etiquette printed that has science and truth for its foundation, but savage customs, ancient ceremony, and anti-flesh and blood taste form the source of regulation. Gravy must be eaten with a fork, the knife in your mouth is an unpardonable sin. The lady must be a dummy, and the gentleman a regulated corpse. Leave your spoon in the coffee and you are not used to the ways of the *beau monde*. Take it out and "polite society" decrees you are ignorant of their ways. Introduce yourself to a lady and lo! you have transgressed an "unwritten law" and deserve to be shot. In fact the lawlessness carried on under the title of unwritten law is the scribe's special profession. When that fails he is instrumental in making written ones. When empty fancies, fads and frauds have failed to efficiently gum up man's understanding then the lawless Scribe is converted into a shrieking regulation mill. That every law is more or less a crime against the defeated minority does not bother him in the least. There are laws enough now already on the statute books to

land every private citizen in the state, however upright, at least once in jail if not in the penitentiary. For a simple "cuss-word," or for holding special opinions without the special license, the most honest individual only needs an enemy to be accused, convicted and sentenced. Yet every year the rural as well as the city scribe clamours aloud for more law. More law for vicious morality, more law to down capital, more law to restrict inalienable rights, more law in favor of the pope, priest and parsoncraft, more law in favor of lazy and fanatic women, more anti-divorce law, more laws against defenseless fallen women, more law in favor of the genteel bum or sweater, more law to make every country postmaster supreme judge of the morals of the people, more law to feed the government and judicial graces, more law against joy and welfare, laws against peace, happiness and life without end. Those simple words of that great man of truth in England :

"Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man " are not known, not recognized, or if recognized, curtailed by the scribe in the "might (majority) makes right" rule.

The words :

"Each individual shall receive the benefits and evils of its own nature and its subsequent conduct " are totally ignored. Nay, worse vigorously objected to, and worse yet objected in favor of some accursed false and pernicious dogma of an ignorant but glib fanatic. No doubt science might retalliate by law and forbid the anti-vivisectionist to open his

croaking mouth, or a vegetarian from demoralizing his anatomy, or the anti-man fiend from manufacturing weak men, or the anti-capital punishment advocate from cultivating murder and mawkish sentimentality. But they, who never invented one useful thing to benefit mankind, they who never discovered one single moral truth to "save" humanity, they whose panaceas are lies, whose remedies are malice, whose deeds are on paper, are in the majority, the sworn enemy of "tearing down literature," the sworn and victorious enemy of science in any form. The vicious majority would make the task hopeless. For the scientific facts that even a Zola or a Dumas lays bare so true to nature without varnish for the benefit of the yahoo arouse his ire, he "must ever protest," etc., and of course with him other plainer science "is not science."

A MORAL SCRIBE.

The bridge between the common scribe and the moral one is perhaps Plato, B. C. 429-347. Here is an honored individual who plainly did not care to know that man's spirituality depends entirely on how many square meals he or his ancestors assimilated and that an immense amount of spirituality lay concealed in the acres of dirt the peas and beans of their diet were raised on, yet he did not hesitate to say in substance: "Reduce your earthly nature and you will become spritual. Your body is by

nature base, brutalized. Cheat it all you can until you acquire immortality. The more you subdue your clamorous body the more spiritual and immortal you will become.

Spiritual and immortal meant then as it does now, in American parlance, "no account for the present, past or future; decayed, dead."

There were people, of course, who objected to becoming prematurely immortal, but they objected to their sorrow and were sat upon like the deer is by the blood hound, for said the disciples of Plato, if you will not subdue your body yourself we will do it for you. Body subduing in Plato's time, it will be seen, was the glorious occupation of the scribe, with the exception perhaps that this was not yet called morality. For virtue meant excellence, as it ever only should mean, and not "no accountness," as it more or less means to-day.

Whether Plato was one of the first scribes preaching unscientific doctrines or not, certain it is that countless individuals sprung up after him, and contrary to fact and evidence, preached on eternal existence founded on universal no-accountness of the human body. One fictitious literary creation succeeded another until finally to reach a climax this pernicious doctrine was announced as the word of God or some supreme being, and to crown all, a series of historical novels were written in which the universal scribe's ideal men, who had preached uselessness and immortality as the best utility, were either crucified or beheaded. and passed off as prophets or sons of God in sub-

sequent novels to the intense satisfaction of all the scribes and Pharisees of then and for years to come, The scribe's worst transgression, the bible, had appeared. A transgression that has caused more wars, wounds, tortures, agonies, tyrannies, cruelties, barbarities and worst of all, the increase of mental darkness and melancholy, physical degeneration of the white race from their former great advance and splendor, where the true, the beautiful and the good only were worshipped. The bible, the book of contradictions and thinly scattered fragments of science, is the one cloud that has wrecked the happiness of the whole race, even the agony and frenzy of despair of its victims cannot be said to have formed a stepping stone to advancement, for the present advancement is due to a healthy, vigorous climate in northern Europe, in which the scribes cannot enervate the individual or annihilate the energy of the human body. Bracing air, abundant oxygen, abundant food are mightier than the word of God. But even in Europe, where the human family's highest point of energy, i. e., deepest thought and brain perfection, was reached, the miserable work of the scribe is visible. There among the fairest and most powerful races, stunted growth, ugly, worried, agonized features, pale and pinched faces, hunchbacks, cripples, sickly mothers with sickly infants, and worse effects of wrong teaching, i. e., work of the Scribes and Pharisees are visible.

Where the Bible has lost its hold there the scribes and Pharisees wreck, tarnish, besmirch and revile

under the banner of morality. The moral scribe defends two kinds of morality. One is rabbit-warren morality and the other Anthony Comstock morality. The former is to secure the bridleless breeding instinct of the women regardless of consequences, the latter is to curb or annihilate the propagating instinct in man and foster unnatural appetites. The latter kind is the thing in America, while the former is law in Europe. Doctor bills and untold sufferings are the consequence of either. The cause and spread of rabbit-warren morality in Europe are the different warring nationalities. It is the direct consequence of competition of the different nationalities.

For the fool idea is still existing whichever nation is numerically the largest is likely to survive as the fittest. Thus different nationalities are the direct cause of the governmental enforcement of this morality. Now and then the poet-scribe will get in his awful work and fiendishly fire up patriotism. The consequence of fired-up patriotism is invariably war. When there is war the flower of the land is killed, then the scribe and Pharisee rejoices by the column. For the noblest flesh and blood is blown to atoms and inferior beings remain.

Anthony Comstock morality used to be called Puritanism. And purity is often the flag it sails under. Purity will be perhaps the future excuse of the Scribes and Pharisees' vicious practice when Platoism, Bible folly and morality have worked their mischief and have been shelved in disgust. Comstock morality can only thrive among people whose

higher functions, such as reason, or the faculty that unerringly detects the true, the beautiful and the good, have never been developed, who have lived a life of slavery and environment, whether of conventionality or backwoods hermitage.

Anthony Comstock's morality is the morality of nearly all semi-civilized nations. The life-long veiled Turkish woman, the butchering of female slaves in Africa, the burning of widows in India, female outcast mills and outcast bleeding in Christian communities, and almost all etiquette and conventionality are evidences of barbarous purity notions, some of which may spring from downright ignorance but far more really are the offspring of sexual deficiency, nervous decay, intellectual weakness wrought through Scribe and Pharisee civilization than jealousy or selfishness of the white-necktie barbarian. Great is the Scribe when he arises as a heaven-appointed, exalted institution to defend his moral laws or heathen notions of purity. Mighty is his wrath when some brother Scribe violates the unwritten laws of literary propriety. What the latter is, no Scribe on earth has yet been able to define. But it can be nothing else but the professor's bow to the ourang-outang, the respectful removal of the scholar's hat when passing the golden calf, the scientist kissing the well-worn breech-clout of the literary acrobat, the blackmail levied by the Scribes and Pharisees. Unless perhaps indeed it is a different form of devil worship explained later on. (See Pharisees).

But rabbit-warren and Anthony Comstock moral-

ity are not only a vice of the Scribes and Pharisees to degenerate mankind. It serves as an excellent weapon to inflict pain and misery on single individuals by the daily press, to raise an immense amount of scandal or public opinion stink in almost any direction, against isolated, defenceless individuals. This is only possible where heathen moral ideas have been successfully engrafted and the violation of which creates the sensation, the shock or the bad smell only according to the amount of absence or presence of mental discernment of the truth. It is here where "telling the truth" may become libel. To tell disagreeable truths alone is often a more serious crime than telling disagreeable lies, but not a day passes in which some scribe does tell neither a damaging lie nor an injurious truth, but with ingenious word-play disparages, debases or villainizes some defenceless individual in pursuit of happiness. No real truth or real lie is told but a stink is created. Such must be called stinking the crime of stinking. When people are mentally perfect the average sensation in the daily papers itself would not shock them the conduct of the scribe only would. The stink would not be enjoyed and the stinker would be despised. Neither would sleuthhound tactics of the scribe elevate him in the social scale, for the real criminals against the peace and happiness of the community—nay humanity, are not sent to jail. For what is most law but seventy-five per cent. of red tape manufactured at a great expense by scribe and pharisee knowledge to restrain the toilers and the needy and to

deny them the mote of happiness they might be entitled to. Nine-tenths of the lawmakers are nothing else but the direct product of the moral scribe. Educated in McGuffey's Fifth reader, Cushing's manual in his pocket, all the lawmaker needs is only to uphold the moral ideas of the scribe, and on the back of damnable precedent he can ride personal rights and liberty to lawful death. A charge of obtaining money under false pretenses is never entered against him. Right honorable is his title. The scribe makes him just the same as he calls an individual making soap pills, according to time-honored prescription, a member of the faculty of medical science. No matter if such individual did not possess science enough to distinguish cause from effect or effect from cause, as much as the average mule does.

Nature herself is immoral. Life goes on regardless of the saddest consequences. Only the scribe is full of morals; morals, too, that are not founded on anything high. The green-eyed monster glares between every line that has been written about sexual morality. Read the scribe's moral regulations to a decrepid old rooster in the yard and he will naturally agree that all young roosters should be restrained with all might. Not because it does any good only because it is such intense satisfaction to him who is old and decrepid. In fact, if the former could be condemned to celibacy a la Tolstoi or Fowler, the satisfaction of the decrepid old wretch would be all the greater. Dogs even avenging the insults offered to the females of

their kind in the street, is another parallel to the selfishness called morality. The victor of course feels elevated.

Epicurus' or Senecas law :

"So use present pleasures as not to lessen those which are to come."

The true foundation of all true virtue and morality is cunningly concealed so that the low, barbarious passions of grudge and bile may have full play. What a terrible howl the scribe can raise though when occasionally a police inspector informs him of the pure and steady increase of immorality in the higher ranks of society. How he wails, groans, anathemizes and predicts the fall of the great western republic just because his beastly and insane morality is openly discarded and a humane course of life pursued. And scalding tears run down his cheek when he sees the opportunity for secret vice disappearing among the better classes.

We are well aware how every coquettish wave of the maiden's fan, her delicate shrug of the shoulders, the picking to pieces of the other girl, her prohibition tendencies, her preacher admiration, her faith in fool religions, her suspicious glance at science, the quarrel with her lover, the pouting lip, the code of chalkline, the expensive hat, her keen sense of respectability, her tightened waist, is only prompted by her veiled instinct or passion to successfully incubate—if such an expression is permissable—and far be it from me to deny any woman, either sick, lame or criminally inclined, her inalienable right to

maternity, for her all of happiness depends upon it, and our deepest sympathy will ever be with those unfortunates whom Scribe and Pharisee villainy condemned to a life of celibacy or who are greeted with vile epithets because they failed to restrain the imperative clamoring of their nature. But the desire for maternity is after all only as beastly a passion as man's carnal perfidy. We are well aware that on woman's right to maternity hinges our heaven or our hell. However here is the great moral knot most difficult to untie. Nature is only qualified to set the bounds to that right, not the Scribe. If nature permits a healthy preventive of further conception, then that is a boundary which must be pointed out, by science perhaps best by the medical faculty, who in their abominable cowardliness have shirked that burning point worse than the Scribe or Pharisee. The cold-blooded theory of too much comfort in these times of struggle for something to eat is absurd. Natural women will never abuse this boon of science on account of their inborn longing for the joys of maternity. But it should be made an open secret, lest secret vice take hold, or where lies the danger of sexual precocity but in unnatural nervous waste? If sexual precocity has made its appearance ye who know more than the students of anatomy remember no editorials, no confinement, no restriction, no punishment, no imprecation, no bugaboo, no disease not death will stop it, it is there come to stay and the only remedy is to give to man what belongs to man, to woman what belongs to her, regardless of bogus etiquette, fool morality or hop-sotch marriage

licenses. For this is the only correct way of preserving the energy of the human race. The rest is false, cruel, cussed, cowardly and disastrous. It is horrible to behold the wrecks of human life both direct and indirect who must be laid to the door of the moral Scribe who represents nothing else but the dilapidated remains of an ill-spent existence begrudging the coming generation a life of health and happiness. Woman's passion to incubate no doubt should be held sacred but when it is for the purpose of modern slavery and for revenue only to fill the pockets of the real estate owner, it is time to call a halt much less insisting on an unlimited exercise of it. It is safe to say that ten years from now the words of Mrs. Thorton Smith, published in the London Times-Echo, July 18, 1891, will fit the whole American continent:

"There is that terrible weltering mass of humanity in our courts and alleys, where the degradation, the poverty, the misery of mothers and children alike sicken the better placed woman whose duties taking her amongst them becomes acquainted with their sorrows and their needs. In these dingy, over-crowded dwellings, maternity is looked forward to with dread, and the expected child is a curse. It is these wretched, overburdened women we must reach—women who, dwarfed in intellect, stunted in growth, go on helplessly producing year after year miserable, unwelcome children, to swarm half naked, starved and filthy, in the gutters, a curse to themselves, a blot on our boasted civilization, and a menace to society. There are in London alone 16,000 who have murdered their offsprings, and those moralists who fall a-cursing at the dissemination of neo-Malthusian doctrines, if they are untouched by the poverty, the hunger and the disease, may well stand silent in the face of the crime."

And the scribe who is now so incensed at man's "perfidy" will see the extent of disasters wrought by defending only woman's bestiality and heaping curses on that of man's.

It is ridiculous to hear of the wails "why men do not marry?" when we know the incessant warfare the scribes and pharisees have made on the "bestiality of man." Why should they marry when their best days, the bloom of all of that is glorious is spent in useless waste. The time will come if their senseless abominable warfare on the "brutal" passion of man is continued, when men, who in former times were almost perfect specimens of manhood and made up of everything that must be called true virtue and excellence, are turned into nothing else but shiftless, pill-taking, growling, grumbling celibates, whose highest ambition in life is to jump a board-bill. Who do not care for a woman, because they had never been near one, whose whole sexual outfit is atrophied or undeveloped, who can only see beauty in a billiard cue and pleasure in a stag-brawl. Who, when they accidentally do marry, turn out only jealous, miserable, wife-killing Posdnyscheffs, not Truchatscheffs who are their superiors (Kreutzer Sonata). This element in the United States is increasing as also are corresponding ad.'s for weak men. And who is to blame? Not they. But the moral scribe whether male or female, who reduces "passion." It looks almost preposterous that there should be found in this world human beings even in petticoats who, honestly too, make war on all that is good in man. Yet in America such there are. The Arena

for August, 1891, alone contains an article that will sour thousands of men's good intentions and give woman, whether "of age of consent" or not, a wide berth and drop like a hot potatoe forever any female that entertains similar opinions.

The whole rural area of the United States, including the smaller towns, except perhaps Louisiana, is one howling waste in which the atrophied anti-passion fiend is king, and even in large towns married women hold meetings and cavot around to knife her frail sister or castrate her erring (?) brother.

One shudders at the amount of cold blood manufactured by the scribes' anti passion league. In the South and West, or anywhere where the female saloon-smasher dwells, some of the fairest flowers of the land, as the scribe is pleased to call a senseless, perverted snuff-dipping sisterhood, will swear out an "affivavy" for love-making and upon "the suit being pressed" will not shrink at all from causing a man to be hung to a tree by the "enraged citizens" for insult. Remorse, shame, compassion, the touch of a tender spring of a a feminine better self is totally unknown. Joyless days of life are the results, celibates on the increase and the end is not yet.

For not long ago a pharisee law-maker in the Texas legislature defined rape not as in Webster's dictionary, a carnal knowledge by fraud or force, against a moman's will, but the same without either and with her consent, providing she be under certain years of age—such an act punishable with death. Other states have similar laws already where the punishment is nearly as severe. Think

of it, young man, before you blow your brains out, that that which nature designed for you in great abundance, a miserable, discrepid old wretch afflicted with everything that is narrow and contracted willfully and wantonly makes a matter of life and death.

In Europe if a man overcomes a woman's perniciousity, if he is not exactly given a gold medal, is hardly ever indicted, and only in aggravated cases, given from six months to two years imprisonment. Nor is the husband entitled in any civilized country to kill his wife's paramour as he is in Texas, according to the criminal code. But such a husband's neck gets his six-foot hell-jerk the same as any other murderer's.

With some Scribes that hatred of all sexual passion seems to know only one boundary and their doctrine is; "The sexual act should only be committed for the purpose of procreation." To these I can only say: Woman can be made pregnant artificially and without committing this obnoxious act at all. Invest some renowned physician by the state with power to do this and the scribe can have individuals made to order and according to an approved of special low down standard. This will give the Scribe and Pharasee power over all mankind and do away with all "bestiality" being the acme of all morality and exceedingly proper. For the material go to Anthony Comstock.

The question of health no Scribe ever agitated. Perhaps because he never knew what such is and in all earnest I ask, Who is healthy? Is it the man who lives according to the standard set by the Scribes

and Pharasees? Or is it the man who sums up his earthly joys with wine, wife and song? Is it the hollow eyed, sunken-cheeked, pale individual of morality, or is it the gay and vigorous denizen of the world? Is that man healthy who enjoys himself, or is he who impotently gnashes his teeth at joy or joviality? Does the puritan achieve as much as the anti-puritan? Remember, intemperance or debauchery bring their prompt punishment which can not be escaped, and after duly considering all, yes all, the Scribe's ideal individual is not the healthiest, nor the best, nor the strongest, and worst of all not the individual that has sense. For it is not he who employs his muscle that becomes weak, nor he who exercises his nervous system rationally who collapses and fills the insane asylum, but the total abstainer, the kill-joy, the moralist, the anti-passion fiend who furnishes a useless abomination making life hideous. Then there is that question of good looks. Says the New York *World* end of July, 1891 :

“When Mme. Sara, as the great and only Bernhardt prefers to be called, came back to America last season looking fatter and fairer, but absolutely younger, than she did ten years ago, everybody wondered how she had managed to achieve such an appearance in spite of the exigencies of her life.

“Half a score of very tranquil years seldom fail to inscribe a few records in wrinkles and crowsfeet, when once the boundaries of first youth have passed, But here was a woman well on in middle life, a mother and grandmother. whom a most unusual stress of work, dissipation and fatiguing travel had left free from the footprints of time. In fact, the years had brought gifts instead of levying taxes,

“In speaking to a young actress of her fatigue after long, exacting rehearsals, Mme. Bernhardt said that she found unfailing refreshment from the use of an Eau Sedative, with which she is bathed from head to foot whenever excessively tired.”

The eausedative plainly is not a druggist's prescription but the result of drinking the cups of life with little simpering and not total abstaining. There are numberless Saras' every where. Men, likewise, preserved their youth by living and avoiding grave-yard tactics.

And the heiress who with thousands of dollars lying idle, drifts intentionally towards paralyzing spinsterhood, need not be astonished when cosmetics and an extremely virtuous life bring her early decay and the watery, bleared eyes of the melancholiac, and the frown of youth on man's brutal passions will certainly be repaid in later years with a wrinkle that might not have been. But she is not to blame.

Who is it that lauds petticoat perversity as divinity and sows with it ideas of female superiority that are false? The moral scribe. With a moral whip he herds women on one side and congregates men on the other, ever separate, the natural gulf ever unnaturally widened till now according to the laws of evolution the process of unsexing has commenced. That means to say the women loose their charm, the men their higher faculties of mind. Even the shape of women being altered in the short course of a few years of separation from the men, so that once a figure of Venus will shrink into the shape of an undeveloped boy, simply because the

blood being no more circulated in the parts that help to beautify women, nourishment will not take place and atrophy result; for the many shaky, shackly, timid, nervons, lean, gaunt, fat and flabby, but divine women blame nobody but the moral scribe. It is he that whispered in her ear; "You are mans superior, you are worth your own price," and thus with unduly exalted opinion, estranged man's companion until now chumminess is no more; a womanly feminine spirit a rarity, and the true source of happiness at an end. Man can buy a woman for longer or shorter matrimony at an extortionate price. Man may keep a woman at a fabulous sacrifice for a longer or shorter period, but let his pocket be found wanting and there is a divorce, or its equivalent, disgust and indifference. The moral scribe's divine creature, scorns such things as a sacrifice, likening a man because he is a man, or duty towards, male anything. Divine wretches even now organize to claim more right to their own bodies, to cultivate sexual deficiency and strike higher bargains. Of course if a women can obtain happiness by making baloon ascensions, or taking the veil, or the stump, shining as an angel or a monstrosity and ignoring man, all right, but let her bear in mind when she ignores her natural destiny, she ignores the main road to happiness. It is impossible to tell how much more useless women can get to be if they once try and the men let them. Wonderful specimens of petted, respected and adored divine, useless, nay dangerous, females no doubt will soon be exhibited in the museum of foreign

countries, as moral curiosities Just as the scientist cultivates microbes perhaps it would be best to cultivate a few such specimens of the scribe's most approved of divine, high-perched, antagonistic, pattern as an ideal and useful horrible example. Of course it is antisensuality only that creates a modern affliction unheard of elsewhere on this earth. The ideal and Platonic love sermons being landed as so lasting, spiritual and refining and which results so often in idiotic conduct, untold silent agony, pistol shots, the morgue or a blasted life too have their share, perhaps the larger one, and the prayer "to prevent us from falling deeply into love" uttered by some sensible persons is a gospel that is well worth to consider. It is the gospel of rigid continence that results, besides pugnacity, grievances, maffias, clan-na-gæls, white-caps, bald-knobbers and feuds, in the violent monomania called love, the roue, the debauchee, although to be despised for the absence of better attributes, and too the married man, escapes to a greater extent platonic temporary insanity and the mental rack and torture necessarily accompanying under the conventional tyranny of our civilization or our scribes. Anybody knows that platonic love returned on \$8 a week is terrible, the same on \$2,000 a year unreturned, or with some other fellow, sheol.

It is true all that woman's nature ever craved for is only platonic love by the hogshead, bushel or the ton. Woman does not care a straw for the carnal article. If man will not give her platonic affection she will obtain it from a poodle dog, or a pig, it does

not matter which, as long as the "odious carnality" is not mixed with it. Of course this trait of the female character is perfectly excusable; it is perfectly right; her successful maternity is at the bottom-most bottom of it if she does herself deny that. "Who will care for mamma and the baby if father does not truly love mamma" is expressed plainly in the kiss she gives the nasty poodle dog, and the *men of this commonwealth nor any other cannot escape the burden of paternity or the expense of Lordship of creation*. But if man is woman's keeper, is woman merely a toy that is kept? Did nature bring her up for nothing else but a senseless pose, an empty thing, a dead drag, whose mission only is to incubate? She plainly has another mission outside of plying the lever of matrimonial coercion. That mission is carnal usefulness, if anything.

To cultivate platonic love and exclusively for revenue only results at best in a shoddy article and only because its counterpart, the carnal is absent. The moral scribe tells woman to occupy the rocking chair while he applies the knife, shears, scalpel and axe to man's carnal affection. It is he that manufactures the shirk, wrongly called the seducer. It is he that lashes the fallen women and bids her to rob men. It is he that tells the "virtuous" women not to run after the men, but to wait eternal. It is he that stints carnal affection so that in the event of matrimony the green-eyed monster a la Kreutzer Sonata makes its appearance. It is he who through abstinence converts the induced and freed energy of our bodies into the lowest passions, such as the

green-eyed monster, puritanism and Jack the Ripper sexual aberrations.

Under the present influence of the moral scribe really no man is to blame for seduction. For it is not right that any fair and square healthy man should pay two weeks' wages for hugging a poor or dangerous article in the slums, when a superabundance of feminine affection runs to wanton waste. The successful seducer rather deserves commendation for overcoming a female flint-hearted shirk, and to be hung only for failing to protect her in a knightly style from the attacks of scribe, pharisee, yap and Postnycheff. If women have their rights, men have theirs too. But if ever there has been yet a moral scribe that sought to affect a compromise we have not heard of him. His office in every line he writes, is to increase man's wrongs, woman's faults and assure for both a melancholy fiasco. "I'll not defend social leprosy," cries he. Yet there is the identical spots which both scribe and Phar see will not permit to either be scrubbed or healed, but they eternally insist on having it botched up to poison for the sake of propriety. Not one line yet has been written by any scribe to elevate, protect or improve the frail sisterhood, but like a genuine brutal ignoramus, he can only hurl vile epithets at the superior of his kind.

Not a day passes in which the best thing on earth is not aired like a putrid object of the dissecting table by the moral scribe with apparently no other purpose than to expose his total ignorance and and immense malice, to disgust mankind in general

and to kill passion. Writes the chief moral scribe and president of the society for increasing secret vice: "It is both lamentable and disheartening * * * that we should have an epidemic of lewdness through the channels of light literature." The fact that lewd light literature is in demand at all proves that there is something very rotten and totally wrong. Why should the country lad call for something flashy to read or the town-boy search for something spicy with illustrations to match, in a book shop?

Why do they not admire the original, the heroines of their daily life, which must be superior to a poor pen-picture imitation? Why don't they study something flashy or talk something spicy with the females of their surroundings? No Jew, no Frenchman, no German, no Englishman, no Chinaman, no nigger, no beast would prefer a distorted counterfeit to the real article. If you doubt this, try them. It is true some young men do really get disgusted at the pictures for instance found at the end of *Frank Leslie's Budget*. But it is the disgust of the lunatic at rationality or of the fox at the sour grapes. The cause for demand for anything like lewd literature can only be the fenced up condition of femininity, fool etiquette, fool respectability, fool honor and fool education. The boys want something, they don't know what. The women are fenced up, the frail sisterhood is too expensive and too dangerous to health, so he searches for a lewd picture or spicy book. He perhaps is fully aware that these do not fill the bill, but a bread pill is often better than no

medicine at all. Femininity is the boys' best medicine. The boys know it. The moral Scribe apparently does not. The existence of moral literature, moral fiends and moral fools is the proof of rottenness as sure as the sight of the buzzard proves the presence of carrion.

We cannot deny that the United States' complaint of lost manhood and worse yet lost womanhood is not in every case induced by the Scribe. But he does all in his power to aggravate and perpetuate it. Neurasthenia, with or without insomnia, is a United States complaint. The highest English and German medical authorities in all their writings reveal only a vague idea of what commonly is called nervous exhaustion. Of course nervous exhaustion is a Scribe term, not a scientific one. Exhaustion, especially of a nervous kind, is not tolerated by nature for more than a few hours, is impossible, or its name at least is death. It might be called "straining your capacity," but that is a poor term, for no man can lift more than he is able to, nobody can think more or longer than his mental make up will permit, besides all overwork is readily and speedily cured by rest. This being the case, you might as well call "fatigue" exhaustion. But again, "employment" is the cure of "loss of vitality." It is a notorious fact that in nervous exhaustion judicious nervous application is the first remedy. What is the second? Poisons. Such as phosphorus, bella donna, strychnine, arsenic, quinine, alcohol, etc. What are the poisons for? To revive? Not by any means. They are to kill. Kill what? The exhaust-

ed state? No. But some other poison plainly, which proves that exhaustion of vitality is not exactly exhaustion, but the action of a poison, and also an alive poison. And it is further plain, for reasons which are unnecessary here to state, that the 'live poison is introduced into the body from the outside and not generated inside, as the medical practitioner so fondly hopes. For diaphoratics and diuretics not even benzoic soda furnish relief. This poison, whether it be called ptomaine, bacillus, microbe or bacteria is the cause of fatigue staying fatigue, exhaustion becoming analagous to exhaustion and preventing the body from getting rest or recovery. This poison, seems to be nowhere else on the globe but only east of the Rocky Mountains of the United States, attacks the sick and healthy alike, and it attacks only the nervous outfits of the human anatomy. That brain and nerve which is nourished by little, poor or waste-charged blood it apparently makes its home. The medical profession call it neurasthenia, sometimes migraine, and seek to cure it with electricity, cold baths, massage, poisons and denser air pressure. But so far, up to date, have only succeeded in giving relief, not effecting a complete cure. The insomnia feature of it is annihilated or rather counteracted, though by producing the necessary nocturnal brain anæmia by applying a hot iron at bedtime for a few minutes to the back of neck and spine. This, to the scandal of the medical profession be it said, nine-tenths of the doctors do not know, but hypnotics like chloral-amid, phenacetin, sulphonal, caffeine, opium, etc., are administered without real benefit in true orthodox fanatical style.]

This United States animal or vegetable nerve poison is no doubt one cause of the total difference of the American from other species of humanity. It is the primary cause of Puritanism and general disgust of everything sexual. It is one cause of the animosity and loathing women have for men, of the indifference with which men regard women, it is one cause of delicacy, touchiness and hair-trigger condition of the American, of his inability to endure prolonged hard work, of his restlessness, shiftlessness and inability of deeper thought. It is one cause of the shirking of the duties of maternity of the women, their fierce intolerance of the frail sister and the tendency to general persecution of those who are able to enjoy themselves. But the presence of such a pernicious poison does not whitewash the Scribe. If he cannot be accused of generating it he certainly is pre-eminently the individual spreading and innoculating it, and aggravating its ravages and in firmly establishing its hold he is the sole unrivalled administrator and knight of Mrs. Neurasthenia. All the moral literature in America is, after all, more or less only the voice of a wretched, abominable, invisible, gnawing, tiny microbe, and not by any means caused by the judicial faculty of conscience or the voice of God. Herbert Spencer rightly assumes the existence of a realm external to us that has power to affect our sensibility. Had he lived in America he would perhaps have added to "external" "also internal of us," to make it penetrable to the thick epidermis of the moral Scribe.

"Oh!" cries he, "you are after promiscuousness."

I tell you promiscuity will end in terrible profanation. Lewdness and licentiousness will destroy the sacredness of our homes and cause the fall of the greatest republic." Exactly. The moral worm is gnawing on both the home and the republic with terrible effect right now. Home is already a farce. Rearing of the children not thought of. Parental control not even preached. But family honor, moral purity or other inane cussedness prompted by diseased nerves and a surplus of bile, is upheld with murder, suicide, the insane asylum and the penitentiary.

Of the sins of the moral scribe there is no end. Take for instance the prize ring. Of all the needful things that the uncrowned yahoo of the biggest country on earth needs is a prize-fight. There is not a one-horse town west of the 78th degree longitude and south of the 38th degree latitude that does not need annually a well conducted set-to with or without gloves to the finish or otherwise. And why? Simply to show that there are men who can take a licking and that it is the height of manliness to be able to both give and take one. Not a day passes in which a gaunt and weak country jay chuck full of poor diet, hardly ever whiskey, does not murder some body with a Winchester or a six-shooter simply because under a blazing hot sun and scribe and pharisee honor, he thinks it is the only way to settle a grievance. All the deadly feuds in America involving whole families have nothing else for their cause but the lack of knowledge of honorable defeat. If the moral scribe but knew

how it dampens the ardor of the pistol toater to see a tremendous power of hitting outside of cold lead, how small he who killed a man at the sight of one who voluntarily faces terrific blows without wincing, many a family might be spared their bread winners. Many a life—usually the most useful—might be saved. That the scribe hates the very sight of pugilism and pugilists is not necessary to repeat. He will even say: “Ah! you pugilists resort to guns and clubs, too, in a drunken brawl.” In order not to leave a single thread of usefulness on the character of the prize-fighter. Governors of states will vie with each other to suppress him. The most outrageous laws are passed to prevent a glove exhibition. Is it any wonder that murders and slaughter of human beings in the south and west are more numerous than in the states of all Europe combined? The professional prize-fighter may not be a great moral character, he may be a drunkard and everything else undesirable, he may use clubs and guns in drunken fights, and prize-fighting may not be refining, but the principle underlying pugilism, i. e., unflinchingly taking punishment without malice, is certainly wholesome, not to mention the incentive to exercise or the entertainment they give; not to mention the pluck they teach. But the scribe’s hatred of all flesh prompts him to persecute the “slugger” like a mad spaniel would a muzzled bulldog.

THAT NAMELESS PRODUCT.

The saviours of society are the universal plague of the earth. But the proud United States sport an affliction erect on two legs and bearing all the outward semblance of the genus homo that is unknown elsewhere. All humanity primarily must be divided into two kinds. The happy and the growlers. But here is a species that is something worse than a growler. It is the puritan, so called. For barring religious crankiness he has no more semblance to the Puritans landing in the "Mayflower" than strychnine has to sweet milk. He eats, he drinks, he sleeps, he works, he prays, he fights, he marries and raises children, does all this much like a machine, with strict propriety, much like those. But the different waves of emotion, love sympathy, joyful or painful flutterings of the heart that animated the former Puritan immigrants this modern article knows not. The courtship of Miles Stanish is not re-enacted among them. An earthly paradise he knows not. Life's sunshine he receives with a muttered curse. Exuberance of spirit he knows not. Jollity and cheerfulness in others he deplores. A frolic he assails. Recreation he denounces as sin. Conventional freedom he despises as corruption and abomination. His speech, his looks, his dress, his letters his prayers are patterns of an icy decorum. His nature is that of a reptile. Nay worse, he is a human reptile inimicable to his warmblooded fellow creatures. Affecting them like the rattle-

snake affects the robin-redbreast, like the toad affects the clear water of the well. He is the human poison toad and kill joy, for like the cat will watch for a mouse this human tadpole will watch for the slightest ripple of laughter by the old and young and woe be unto them if the law can be invoked, or other toads aroused to condemn in mass-meeting assembled, the "horrible breach of conventionality," the "sin against society." There is nothing sacred to this poison toad than a universal grave yard. Let there be a few sheep browsing happily and contented on the green pastures of the universe and lo! here comes this execrable black wether and bawls out "corruption" and "sin" at the sight of green grass. Let the deer from afar search out the cooling spring and lo! this living abomination pretends to be drinking there and already is soiling the cooling drink with stinking offal. This is the Puritan or poison toad or stinker or whatever his real name in the respectable role, above the law or law making. His other role is the exact opposite. In the first, he poses as a thing above humanity. In the latter, he is in his true and natural role—below a beast. For really, the so-called Puritan is a degenerate biped. Wether made thus through continence or incontinence, religion or disease, he is never natural. When Tolstoi after the nature of a scribe, threw his share of dirt at flesh and blood, by writing the Kreutzer Sonata, he must have accidentally stumbled on such an individual. For his hero, the wife-killer Posdnicheff, is a fair sample albeit of Russia. This individual after

nibbling awhile at the sweet and sour apples of matrimony, somehow beame afflicted with matrimonial indigestion and disgust. And—here is where he shows the spirit of the puritan or poison toad—began to hate his wife because she did not get afflicted likewise ; and when she began to stay cheerful yet still faithful to him he stabs her to the heart—out of jealousy, as Tolstoi has it. Of course jealousy here is only another word for intolerance. For the conclusion which the kill-joy and poison toad universally reaches is arrived at in the Kreutzer Sonata, which is that matrimony is no good—and that abstinence, yes, total abstinence from matrimonial joys is salvation. This exact attitude and line of reasoning the American puritan both in his respectable and criminal role will invariably follow. Let the puritan get drunk—and goodness knows with wine, as all other good things he is like a child with a plate of soup, ever in a mess, the conclusion first is that alcohol is the sinner and the drunken puritan himself the injured saint. Further that alcohol to everybody else likewise is ruin and only fit for total annihilation. Sometimes this cold blooded reptile enjoys the hospitality of a lady. Fortwith the loud ha-ha across the street proclaims to other toads that there is no virtuous female on earth ; that women are only corruption and immorality, and the police better look out. Of course every country has a Posdnycheff, a yahoo. England has drunkenness for the national vice, France the absynthe-fiend, Germany, recently the schnaps-drinker, Russia likewise the vodka slave,

China the opium habit, etc., all of which thrive on faulty intellects and degenerate nerves.

But individuals whose only enjoyment is slavish denial, restriction and abstinence they have not got. The individual who dares not read a book lest he be ruined entirely, who is not to be trusted with the free joys of life lest he kill himself, dwells not there. The puritan, the tadpole, the poison toad, the croker, the kill-joy or whatever the name of this nameless article has, further this characteristic; he does not want to learn. Perhaps fifty different books have been written to expose gambling and the snares laid for the weak-headed smart-alec, yet there are not nine out of ten victims of the gaming table that would thank you for making a present to them of one of those valuable books, no matter if every week their hard-earned wages are gambled away in one half hour. This is quite puritan of the non-respectable type. But the respectable article makes no exception. The plainest lesson of recreation, the most beneficial enjoyment it is impossible for anybody to demonstrate to him. Fun he is suspicious of; love he calls corruption; enjoyment is sin; sport is crime; a bicycle indecent; a laugh is blasphemy. On the other hand, absence of feeling is decorum; deadness of heart purity; devil worship religion; jealousy and intolerance morality; impotence is life and cussedness benevolence; being ruined is being saved. Whether now this nameless product, male or female, is the outcome of the scribe's and pharisee's pernicious anti-flesh and blood policy or whether an American

bacillus attacks his or her liver and warpes their understanding, we will here not argue, certain it is both scribe and pharisee are their faithful servants or protecting knights alternately. And it so happens that the literary white-caps, the white-caps on the bench, the white-caps in the pulpit, the white-caps in the legislature, the white-caps in the woods, the midnigh bold knobber, the holy white cross fiend, are increasing and multiplying like the plague.

Or can it really be that nine-tenths of the daily calendar of transgressions from the throwing of rocks at passing trains to plain drunks, and down from slanderous tongue attacks to the assaults with club, knife and pistol, are only the results of unrelieved wretchedness. If so, arise some prophet and preach a gospel of amusement to the wretched and convert the surplus energy of their bodies into channels of acceptable pleasure, fun and mirth.

THE FOOLISM SCRIBE.

[This includes the advocate of every ism except humane utilitarianism.]

He is a fiend of another sort than the pure and moral scribe. While the latter's ideal of beauty aspires to "weak men and weaker women," best known in modern ads., the former's mission is chiefly to breed discontent. It does not matter if he is an individualist, an anarchist, socialist, communist, nationalist, single taxer, etc., his occupation plainly is only to

hide the truth, ignore science and in analyzing to see everything except the factor "Time," whether it be history or part and parcel of an ethical principle. That right is only might and wrong only that that has not got steel, lead, powder and dynamite to back it seems never to occur to him. Yet it is plain as day that the majority rules the minority only because it is justly supposed that the former can lick the eternal stuffing out of the latter and that where the minority bosses the majority only when the former is securely entrenched and the latter foolishly exposed or hatched in a helpless condition. Or is the court of last resort above all the superior courts of the earth not grape and canister? Does the victorious majority not ride rough-shod and without mercy over the minority. "Ah!" cries this scribe, "we break down the armor of the brutal majority and secure thus a footing for the oppressed."

Not when he continues to hatch the majority in the same helpless and weak condition as he has done. Not when time-favored freeholders can pit them against each other in mortal combat to mutual oppression or annihilation. Not when militia and Pinkertons are recruited from their ranks.

"What is time-favored?" will you ask. It is this: The foolism scribe, no matter of what color, declares the earth belongs to man equally allround. So it might if humanity, large and small, had come to earth in one stroke of lightning. But it did not. It came straggling, first one, then the other. Those stragglers still come. They are unlimited. Countless earths would not be sufficient to accommodate

all if the earths could be had. But they are not. Our real estate is decidedly limited. Notwithstanding the boasts of the scribes that soon the Desert of Sahara will be made fertile and gardens in midair are practicable. When you know the supply is limited and the demand unlimited will not after the law of the survival of the fittest has been enacted to the bone a premium on real estate be the result? That premium is called tribute, rent. Who has a right to exact rent? The one that came first clearly, not the one that came last, and certainly not the one who came here through his titleless parents' matrimonial transgressions. Adam, the first man, would have held title to the whole earth if he could have kept ready enough powder and lead to keep back the flood of stragglers. As it is the earth is owned by a few thousand such Adams—called landlords—to whom title has come by special fortified advantage of their fathers. The foundation of landlordism is the "I came first," which is superior even to the "I am better," notwithstanding Scribe assertions to the contrary. The "I came first" family is favored by time—time-favored.

This principle cannot even be upset by revolution, for after the revolution the "I came first" will have to be enacted *de novo* (as for instance when steel bullets test the validity of a nation's single tax titles). You can free the bondsman to a certain extent, you can elevate the laborer to the rank of an aristocrat, you can shorten the hours of labor, you can wrench concessions from the landlords and employers, but upset this principle—never.

The earth without poverty and grinding to death can only support its certain amount of landlords, all others must exist for revenue only and lead a life of bondage or slavery in one form or other. Unearned increment is privileged leave founded on the "I was first." Communism, socialism, anarchism or all other fool isms might be successfully practiced by the landlords of the earth, but by their serfs and vassals as well and equally impossible. The man with the advantage, whether by time, inheritance, and too by health, strength or otherwise is ill controlled with rules, regulations and by-laws, in fact, 'cracy: aristocracy, boodleocracy, plutocracy, autocracy, mobocracy, etc., cannot be abolished because allied too much too the law of the survival of the fittest. Quality will ever rule quantity in the animal kingdom and too in man wherever the factor time or other things not give an advantage. How foolish to say: "Every laborer is entitled to the full value of his produce" when the laborer is only employed because, like raw material, to yield revenue, it turns out that he can be used. Who would use that raw material in which there is no profit, who would use that laborer or his products in which there is no revenue? The laborer is not a king but in 99 cases out of a hundred the melancholy results of rabbit warren morality at a high pressure preached and practiced for the benefit of 'cracy or national wealth. The moral as well as the ism scribe, eternally parades before him the immense quantity of starch that is going to be raised to the acre when the population

gets denser. The law of diminished returns never bothers him. Starch is all that is needed to feel happy and the foolism scribe with a long array of figures demonstrates annually how many billions more people the earth can sustain, and how Malthus was a natural born fool and the poor starch-fed laborer underfed and overworked, must believe him. Who would not like to be king? Who would not like to be entitled to the earth? Who would not want to rest on a golden throne, of a golden perhaps on earth and in heaven? Surely the outcast surplus is not to be blamed, but the scribe who manufactures him, and the scribe who teaches him falsely, is.

To teach anarchism may be a wholesome lesson to the hayseed lawmaker, but automata cannot exercise a free will on their own accord. What more is man than an automaton, impelled, compelled and propelled only by circumstances or situations? Circumstances may easier be obeyed than the lash of the police magistrate, I acknowledge, but the human automaton is erratic and will clash against its kind. This clashing is derogatory to happiness. Herbert Spencer's the-burnt-child-dreads-the-fire kind of policy no doubt is correct, the best and safest for grown people. But there is no rule without exceptions. All law might be boiled down to meet these exceptions. The Scribe and Pharisee is one of them. There are too many people in this world who cannot distinguish a Herbert Spencer from a Victor Hugo. Who will take the latter's lying declaration: that he knows there is a God and that he knows he will exist after death for science and truth, and on

the strength of that in the midnight hour blow a hole through their defenceless neighbor's anatomy a la white-cap for violating a Bible commandment. Anarchism unlimited and successful needs an ideal man, needs the ideal man of the Scribe and Pharisee, and he is in modern parlance a first-class "sucker." In plain English, an idiot. The idiot is not a success. Idiot-farming is not a success. The Scribes and Pharisees have tried it for over 2,000 years and never entirely succeeded. And it is about time that idiot moulding be abandoned as useless and disgraceful and that entire liberty or anarchy only be preached according to the limit permitted by the laws of utility. This perhaps with all foolisms. The pleasantness of nationalism or paternalism is best studied perhaps by putting their champions under a life-long sentence of brass button tyranny and taking their honest dying declarations afterwards applying the "Do unto others as you, etc.," principle vigorously. For while a thousand and one reasons demand that the common highways, railroads and telegraph lines should be under an impartial and strictly just control it is a plain fact that "the government," especially "hay-seed government," is a lamentable commercial and financial failure, not to mention its utter incapacity to recognize the rights of the minority. Besides what is postmaster censorship but the assertion that the nation is here for the mail service, not the mail service for the nation, as one would suppose. But the foolism scribe is only the right-hand bower of the moral scribe. He cannot or will not see that

the present white slavery is almost the same as the black slavery in the South. There the breeding of slaves was a profitable business. Slave-owners sold their own mulatto children often for a good price outright. The difference is now that parents sell themselves and their children, not outright, but by the day, week or the month, and according to the laws of supply and demand; the latter means that all risks are borne by the seller and none by the buyer. Slave-breeding, the fruit of ignorance, is carried on in all lands—it pays. But while the moral scribe is the head breeder, applying the moral lash the ism scribe rubs pepper and salt into the wounds cut by the lash of “untoward circumstances” and goads and irritates the moral scribe’s helpless victim with bogus relief schemes, anti-poverty tactics, titles to fustian royalty, and particularly the right of the slave to whip his master. An immense amount of worry, agonizing discontent, demoralizing hopes and air-castles with frantic grasps for straws by the drowning is the result.

Or will you tell me that the “great cormorant” can get any more for his money than his victuals and clothes and the soft pressure of a woman’s swelling form? It is true he smokes fine Havanna cigars and reclines in a splendid carriage, but does he get more enjoyment out of these than the tramp eating a scrap dinner under a hedge can get out of a chew of tobacco or the stolen ride in an empty freight car? Do the victuals of the earth spoil in inaccessible storehouses? What is the richest

countries—America's—complaint but paucity and poverty in everything except wheat starch and hog-grease? What does the Oklahoma rush and \$5 an acre farm rent mean but scarcity of real estate? The real estate sweater is not all to blame for high prices of land.

It may be true that all the golden splendour of all the centuries is only the result of the merciless grinding up of bone and sinew, nerve and brain of scribe corralled slaves, and in ancient and modern monuments of industry grin hideously the skeletons of myriads of innocent children, whose only play was their superhuman and fatal struggle with a cruel bitter fate. But will you tell me that the riches of the "cormorant" divided up among them would have reached all around? Or that the laborer practically can be paid in advance with his produce, his pay yet uncreated, yet unused, yet to be profitably marketed? If he insists on instantaneous pay it can at best be a mere pittance. Time is a terrible factor. Every grain of wheat insists on six months of leisure before it honors the laborer's time check. The lick the father strikes in the forest is only paid for after a life-time—to the son. If there is plenty any where outside of myriads of hungry months, I have failed to find it. Wrong distribution cannot be denied. But who is to blame when the number of mouths increases most where feeding ability exists least? Surely not the cormorant. He may even be said to come to the rescue of the poor victim of moral folly in many ways. Then too, nature produces her animals of prey. Nature, not perhaps the

scribe and pharisee, produces pitiless human sharks, tramps, shirks, loafers, weaklings, usurpers, money-grabbers, cut-throats, value inflaters, etc., who are a burden, who are next to the scribe and pharisee, *the* burden of humanity. And it may be correctly said that half of toiler's toil is for the benefit of the shirk and that security costs half of a man's life. But did not you know that as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, eternal war on the parasite is the price of happiness?

And yet ism Scribes propose to build nests for old and new parasites, to raise them to equality, honor, office and high position. The cancers of the body politique are to be plastered over with and fostered under the bandages of equal rights and equal privileges. And tolerance cannot be denied. Any society to prevent cruelty will ease the yoke in some direction. The English language perhaps contains no better word than the word "humane." Less hours and better wages are the good result of judicious labor agitation. But robbery (such as the property owner is accused of) invariably presupposes at least two individuals—the robber and the robbed. The latter in many instances is absent. Possession no doubt sometimes is legal robbery; but what is gained when in the midnight hour the torch is secretly applied to already created and sorely needed wealth or when useless war is waged against necessary—nay, vital—security?

It may tickle the toiler's ear when the great gong of tremendous coming cataclysm reverberates through the land, but barring a few isolated cases, ease, com-

fort, luxury, happiness and peace for the greatest possible number lie not by the route of indiscriminate communism nationalism, paternalism, socialism, anarchism, Georgeism, despotism, transcendentalism, or any criminal, suicidal ism. For the stern, gaunt and never-tiring specter of poverty will ever be hovering about the community that lulls in fanciful security and false hopes of plenty. The fear of poverty that you so fondly would abolish, and whose annihilation perhaps even the human poison-toad would welcome, alas ! lies not by the route of unilateral isms, but, odious as it sounds, rather by the route of stronger arms, clearer brains, calmer and better nerves. Prate not of aiding evolution, for degeneration certainly enters where pressure and employment ceases.

THE PHARISEE.

The difference between the Pharisee and the Scribe is that the latter only uses his pen, mostly for literary subtlety, elevating humbug, and self-glorification, while the former uses manner, speech, dress, conduct, and especially his jaw, to proclaim to the world that he or she is emphatically better, superior and more right-minded than their fellow mortals. The individual who inwardly thanks his wooden, stone, fleshly or invisible image that he is more respectable than others, is a Pharisee. The judge, who proclaims in his mechanical sen-

tence according to law and not to justice, that he is not the poor culprit's keeper, who deserves a little correcting advice, is a Pharisee. The periodical crop of saviours is a crop of Pharisees. Universities and colleges, schools and churches swarm with them.

The Indian's medicine-man, the African's voodoo doctor, the Pagan's priest, the Christian's spiritual adviser, in fact the charlatan or anybody that is not as good as common humanity but asserts superiority is a pharisee. The pharisee is the only thorough born liar in existence. Born intellectually dishonest he will lie, to himself, to his neighbor and his God. His occupation is to successfully circumvent the truth. The only science he recognizes is the science of duping. A thorough-bred pharisee can no more distinguish the difference between truth and falsehood than a blind bat could darkness and daylight. Yet like the latter he does not bump his head much, either.

The pharisee in life is invariably an eminent success. The top of the latter of the social and political frame work is filled by him. The religious world is composed of him. The first prominent individual in history was he, the only individual of influence of the present, without sense, without reason, a born criminal, he is a leader, bold, sweeping and aggressive. Why? Because his mental make-up is concentrated into the 6th sense. The same sense that generates the bright hopes of recovery of the hopelessly doomed consumptive, the sense that guides yet retains the savage in the track-

less wilderness, the sense that brings the little calf home when strayed for miles from its mother, the sense otherwise called intuition, instinct, sentiment. The nerve force that attracts and repels without reason or logic.

When according to Herbert Spencer's researches in the early days of evolution, long before the bible was thought of, the human brain jelly incomplete and unstable, was irritated by thunder claps and rumbling or hissing noises underground, and science or reason almost unknown, an individual with a softer head and more incomplete than the rest, would frown and warningly say: "Beware, the wrath is a coming, I know it," the first pharisee had made his first appearance with his first two lies. And when the people would ask who is a coming, he would say: "The evil one" or devil. Later more questions being asked, he would say: "The good one—God—He is mad," Telling two more lies. The softness and jelly-like condition of the human understanding could not then throw off these lies with the most powerful efforts. The melancholy consequence was they stuck like wax and grew on the helpless human craniums in the shape of bumps. For the sake of brevity we will call them here devil-scare-bumps, which in time hardened into devil-worship functions. These are found on almost every individual. The lower bred the individual the more prominent will be the faculties that were exercised when humanity was in its infancy. Fear of the mysterious and inexplicable, is the chief faculty yet of the brute creation. An

unusual inexplicable noise will alarm the nerve centers of the deer profoundly, and whether there be danger or not, violent action in the deer will be the result. The draft mule makes a wide circle when passing a covered up feed box, and if the pharisee mule was at hand to explain the demon there is concealed under the box, a most devout religious mule would be the result. Yes, the animal kingdom is full of religion or devil worship. Each specie has got its own separate demon that it looks for to be scared at, to be haunted by; and it cannot be otherwise. Devil-scare bumps grew onto the the brain of the animal when it was forming, the worship of a devil in some form will therefore be characteristic of human and animal brains until a higher development takes place. That individual, however smart, whose devil-worship bumps impair his mental vision is a pharisee. The pharisee, whether called a preacher, moralist, saint, saviour, man of moral principles or other innocent names is not a hypocrite but a bona fide natural animal individual though of a low order, whose devil-worship-bumps control him the same as the scare controls the runaway team—like it he cannot stop, no matter of going headlong to perdition. Although a genuine liar, he is not a fraud if he is dangerous, to the common welfare of the masses. The difference of the different ones is slight. The Christian pharisee makes no exception to his heathen brother. The latter brings his hard earned offerings to to his ugly grinning stone or wooden god in the same slavish spirit as the Christian pays his dollar to his image of a

vicious demon-deity. Either God has the attribute of good and evil, both fit the particular bumps of their makers to a nicety. If the bumps change the devil-god changes. "Oh you infidels," cries the pharisee. "You can tear down everything but you cannot build up anything." In other words, the infidel can smash up the devil-god but he cannot destroy the bumps that manufactured them. And no doubt the individual who is blessed with a superabundance of devil-worship-bumps is in despair when he is deprived of the exercise of them. And he is almost excusable when approaching the iconoclast with tears trickling down his cheeks, he begs him for advice, how to now satisfactorily employ his well-developed, well-trained hell-knobs. Cultured people employ them now-a-days by bellowing amen at the "unknown" or the "unknowable." Some take to spiritual "fakes," some to moral devil-worship. Some pharisees with coarse bumps-like Gladstone, fear the common Christian bargaboo-devil image, as in vogue 2000 years ago, only the offers brought are in cash, not in sheep, calves, cows and sons. The coming pharisee leader no doubt will find some new useless article to make sacrifices to e. i. to keep the devil's bump's in growing trim. For just as it is a great pleasure to the modern individual who does not eat fish to job a steel hook into the gills of the fish of the brook, because his ancestors were perhaps fishermen and the rekindling of their avocation within his cranium thrills him with joy ; so the pharisee will kill infidel monotony by gently robbing our an-

cestral bumps of spook--sacrifices in still more monotonous purposeless idolatry. If infidels ever want to succeed and gain in respectability let them insist on sacrifices of some sort. But unfortunately people prefer the sacrifices to a golden calf before all others. Some higher mental structures relish cast iron moral sacrifices. Truth is not recognized when it does not suit the hardened and well-fixed bumps of sheol. The most patent facts that contradict religion are met with a loud "ya-ha-ha, the unknown! I know the unknown! You don't." And science, which really discovered the unknown, is set on by old and young, male and female, fool and fanatic, priest and professors as something evil. Notwithstanding that all the benefits of humanity are the work of science, and it so happens that preacher and political pharisees alike with the customary dignity of bogus authority, like birds of prey prowl only there where struggling humanity endeavors to wipe away a tear or tries to meet a frowning fate with a smile. Woe to him who should not be able to meet the great human joy-killing poison toad with due deference. He would find himself quickly in the kangaroo court of the county jail, or covered publicly with the vilest calumny, or lashed to a tree at the mercy of rural or city white caps unless he gains the only haven of refuge from pharisee bloodhounds--the morgue.

The human joy-killing poison toad is in actual existence. It does not matter whether she simply lays in wait to catch the daughters of Eve to fill the cloister, or whether she imposes hundred

dollar fines for insults to its kind or adds to the burdens of humanity with law, or merely howls restraint, her end in view is to kill-joy and to propagate kill-joys. Men only go to saloons to escape the toad invested desert lying outside of it. They go there in despair for nepenthe, which they fail to get, for the poison toad is even there, under the benches, and outside in the back yard. The church is not its only home. The decrepid and fetid remains of an ill-spent life do not furnish its only contingent. Maidens as fair as day, young men in the prime of life (college boys) poison joy as readily as the nastiest toad ever did shatter the clear mirror of a well with a fiend'sh "kerpunk." The cry is heard everywhere for restraint. It is the pharisee poison toad croaking for restraint that fines the father for assault and battery for whipping his child. The only restraint justifiable under the sun he defeats—parental control. The disguise of the pharisee is the "good." Whether versed in demon-lore or in joy-killing, the pharisee fox-like means for the best. He tells his victim that when a joyless life sends a toiler cramped, life hungry into an untimely grave and he says it is for the best when the scribe dances his customary shuffling—off jig on the corpse of a homeless, friendless outcast. And no doubt the wolf in sheep's clothing works for his own best. But is this wolf's the poison toads, the pharisee's best, the universal good? Or don't you think that at the midnight hour legions of the silent majority will kick at their coffin lids only to demand from the scribes and pharisees the promised heaven, the

promised hell? Can't you imagine as ages run to eternity that thousands of hollow eyes glare from under the sod in mute agonizing appeal not to spoil the children's play, not to sour the days of bloom yet to appeal in vain, only to see countless lives sacrificed by inches and lowered into the eternal tomb to remain there lifeless forever? Or is it possible that a few of the dead can turn over on their side in agony and between their shining teeth hurl curses at the scribes and pharisees as they too after a life of rapine are finally lowered down to meet them? To see only the extent of their lies of heaven, hell, reward and punishment. To find that the hereafter is night eternal and no more, no less. To learn that life on earth is a blaze of light the best view of which to get it pays before it fades. To learn that the science of deadening is sin and that their own pharisee science of life is the science of death from beginning to end, demoniacly practiced from childhood to old age until the goal—the grave is reached. Your love for immortality is not your proof of an eternal existence. The scribe's transportable soul is a poor miserable fake. What the fire is to the match, the electric current to the cell, the music to the bow and string, the power to the engine, the virtue to the medicine, the motion to the matter that is the soul of the human body. The soul is material despite of your fondest hope to the contrary. When your anatomy goes to pieces rest assured that your soul like the flickered candle-light is to you or anybody else no more. Other lights may be lit, other souls be generated but you yourself have been to be no more.

There is only one part about you that under immense favorable conditions might stay immortal and that is a very, very minute unicellular germ that proved the nucleus of your existence.

The unicellular organisms into which your body, after the last breath has escaped, under certain conditions, splits up are perhaps life, not death, whether called protozoa, fungi, etc., and it is quite possible that unicellular life is generated chemically on the earth constantly at an immense rate. It is highly probable that if all life both unicellular and multicellular were destroyed on earth totally and entirely that half an hour after this universal death again would be generated, countless unicellular germs, if oxygen or other conditions be favorable. It is perhaps quite true that unicellular life may be immortal, at least as long as the present conditions of the earth lasts but man is not a single but a unicellular aggregation from which life-germs separate only by way of reproduction. All the other single cells that build and supported the grand structure man are liable to collapse, not only into their separate parts, but the separate parts again lose the phenomena of life, which is equivalent to death.

The reproductive cell though the only living thing surviving man, does so only in an ever remodelled or repaired condition and can only last one, two or three generations at the most. No wailing, no praying, no hoping, no plausible excuses will bring genuine immortality to only the ten billionth part of the human anatomy or the Psyche that it (the body) animated. Both are

dead, ye pharisees; deader than a makrel. The happy microbe that was once the dead 'Tom Jones' millionth or billionth part is after all only a fragment of his carcass not his life-body. And after carefully studying all physical effects of hypnotism, the induction of electricity, the induction of thought, the transmission of pain from one person to another, the active condition of the nervous state called consciousness or ability to condition, hyperæsthesia and clairvoyance, the delusions of a free will, unconscious cerebration, unconscious attention, shifting of the nerve energy of the brain in polydeia monoidia and aideia, nerve contagion, hypothesis of a universal fluid, ether or more rarified than ether—vacuum after duly considering all there is only matter, nothing but matter, not the faintest possibility of spirit, of conscious immortality or a chance of a brutal tri-split devil-god.

Of course this is nothing new. But what must we think of Pharisee Talmage, Pharisee Sam Jones, Pharisee Major Penn, and all their kindred ilk, who preach every denial possible under the sun and with fables of a golden perhaps unrolled before the open mouth of a gaping, credulous multitude, deftly manipulate the contribution plate. To obtain money under false pretenses is not their chief sin, thousands of the Philistines are just as bad, but the neglect, ruin and desolation of individual lives and communities which they are the cause of, is demoniac and the outcome of brains in which anything like moral faculty or sense of responsibility is absent.

The individual strife, the separation of man and wife, the persecution of fellow mortals, their bogus divine system of robbery sinks into insignificance compared with the vandalism with which they trample under foot the delicacies of life, the pearls of existence, and lay waste the Garden of Eden, the heaven of mankind. It may not be so bad for a demoniac-divine free-lance to hold up a congregation for the sake of pleasant humbug, but to kick them both fore and aft besides is more than Satan himself would dare to do.

“Ah, you want our honest ministers not to earn an honest living!” cries the golden calf disciple, as he pushes aside an unpaid bill. Honest living, indeed! Let the clergy, the itinerant gospel fakirs, the revivalists, the evangelists, the political pharisees, the would-be saviors of society, renounce the ways of a beggar, a tramp, a hoodlum, a robber, a sneak and a liar and really *earn* an honest living.

There is political science, social science, hygienes of every description, of the body, the mind, the pocket, each one impossible to explain in a volume as big as the Bible. The knowledge of the world, humanitarianism, utilitarianism, the science of superfluities and the science of necessities, the science of true and false misery, the science of the pleasures of life, the right of privacy, the advantage of concentrated million dollars, the disadvantages of scattered ditto, the science of capital, the science and cure of drunkenness, the ratio of production and population, the success of rascality, the success of honesty, the history and lessons of white slavery,

the repulsiveness of different nationalities, the real excuses for lying, the benefit of lying, the horrors of refinement and namby-bamby-tom, the art of life, the philosophy of death, the science of bunco-steering, the science and data of justice, the imperative limits of a thousand virtues. Which all are an imperative necessity to all mankind. That the preacher will have to know more than a smattering of mythology or the vagaries of the unknown, that he will have to substitute truth for fraud and love for malice is evident. But when he is engaged in an honorable business he has a right to demand payment for services rendered. Preaching as he does now of things he knows not, sowing seeds of discontent and fanning that low, meddlesome passion of persecution he is a criminal as vile and subtle as his predecessors who once ground human beings to death on the rack or the block.

WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED, IF SAVING THERE MUST BE?

1. STAY OUT OF CHURCH.—For churches are really gilt-edged palaces of sin and outrage or devil-worship. The bible is merely the word of scribe and pharisee, containing only a smattering of science.

2. BELIEVE ONLY WHAT SCIENCE PROVES.—For the salvation of mankind can only lie by the route of strict truth, such as conceived by the most perfect mental human organization.

3. GET MORE HEALTHY.—Because health is energy and pleasure. It is not necessary to increase your weight or muscular strength, for either one of them may exist without health. Muscular strength besides does not pay as well as nervous or brain strength. Sense or brain is the superior again of either. Yet it is a melancholy fact that the great men of history were men of great nervous endurance rather the brain power. And with all the close relation there exists between brain and nerve yet an immense difference there is. While the brain seems to be a general storehouse for nervous matter, with a powerful intellect may, in fact generally does exist, otherwise general nervous deficiency. Almost as if the energy of the human body could not be in two places at once. For instance a great musical genius may possess in his fingers and toes nervous power enough for ten men and yet be almost an idiot. Or a great (so called brainy) ex-senator may be a matchless orator and possess energy enough in his tongue and jaw for twenty men, yet not have as much sound sense as the humble digger in the ditch. For if you search his speeches or analyze his ideas you will find them inferior to a negro's corn-field philosophy. Gladstone is a man of nervous rather than brain power of intuition rather than logic of mechanical perfection more than intellectual resources, of art more than science. For science is not his forte. Napoleon the great possessed an enormous nervous system wherewith he magnetized all his generals and which enabled him to almost do without sleep. Yet he was neverthe-

less not burdened with too much sense. Somebody else had to furnish the brains. Wellington is a singular case. Most mechanical experts owe their achievements to a sound and strong nervous system. Of course when a mechanic becomes an inventor he gives evidence of gray matter. Yet there are thousands inimitable mechanics who could not invent the hundredth part of the difficult work they are doing. Brains must do that for them. Nervous strength, abart from being the muscles main-stay and vigor, is of an immense advantage in the world. The most powerful athlete, if nervously deficient, is defeated by the undersized cuss of superior nervous endowment. The most scientific, true and precious labor of the rarest brains of the universe is likewise thrown overboard by some "talented," i. e., nervously well developed fakir, who could not discover the plainest every-day truths by himself alone, so it happens that a hand-full of Brittishers can rule 400,000,000 people of India, and a single American desperado can rule a whole western county merely by promptitude of nervous action with very little brain added. Nothing else. Muscularity is rarely necessary. Or do you suppose if the powerful Zulus or all Africa were instructed in all modern appliances of war and furnished with them they would be on a bar with Europe. Not at all. Lepel rifles and Krupp guns directed by their hands against a European enemy in actual war would be worse than playing with strokes of lightning. If their brains did not get paralyzied, their shooting accuracy, i. e., nerve power, would be impaired by

the enemy's terrific precision. The European rules the earth, not with muscle, but with his nerves and a little brain. China's millions never will be a menace to the white race unless she proves nervous superiority. The latter may be recognized under the various names of art, talent, cleverness, genius, capability, ability, intuition, vitality, and differs from brain power proper as practice differs from theory. The man inventing a machine is the man of brains and theory, the man better able to run it of practice or nerve capacity. Brain-power represents mental conception, stock in trade and seat of production, nerve power the means of transportation, selection and application thereof. One is merchandise, the other rolling stock. Of course, after all, paradoxical as it may appear, nerve and brain action are only touching for and attracted by the truth. The fingers rejoice at the solid hold, the brain is proud of the solid fact. The wing of the bird without its brain will tend from the seat of danger. The brain without nerves knows the good, the nerve without the brain is not comfortable with the bad. Brain or gray matter results in science, logic, consciousness and reason, and would be superior to all nervous advantage but for its scarcity. An editor with hardly sense enough to go in out of the rain may have a command of language and with it alone write powerful editorial nothings or make stirring nonsensical speeches and with these move the surface of the United States, while a Spencer, Mills, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin or Humboldt would not be as much thought of as a ward politician. Influ-

ence is the secret of nervous strength, even if sense is the superior of the latter. The Alliance Mc-Cunes, J. J. Ingalls', Gladstones, Rt. Reverend Bishops, Cardinals, Popular Orators and Evangelists are professional influencers, honored only for the inductive influence of the nerves, beneficial or pernicious, that they wrought. In gumption, logic and science these would be miserable failures.

If nervous strength is the foundation of success in life, it is necessary to know what is nervous weakness. This among a thousand others is awkwardness, shiftlessness, nervousness and the general hair trigger condition of the nervous system and absence of will-power. What is that foolish word spoken in company that proved your ruin? Not the lack of sense, for you know better, but the weak nerve that was not strong enough to control your tongue. Why is it that you cannot write as nice a hand as your neighbor next door? Because the nerve that guides the pen has not the power. The nice curves of the letter may be in your head, but cannot be transferred to your hand. Why do the words of your adversary fall in silvery sonorousness on the ears of the audience and yours gurgle like the water coming out of a bottle? Because there is a superabundance of nervous force in or about his voice and utterance that you have not got. Why does somebody else laugh at misfortune while you are prostrated and others feel comfortable where you feel wretched? Because your nerves are not trained and hardened and are undeveloped and in poor condition. You may be born thus. But nervous defi-

ciency through inactivity or enormous expenditure is mostly acquired through mismanagement. Yet after all a proper mode of life will cover a multitude of inherited and scribe and pharisee acquired sins and nerves as well as muscle can be strengthened by exercise. This holds good particularly of the reflex and so called "functional" duties of the nerves. Sleep can be gotten back by practicing sleep, appetite by coaxing it and cleansing of the system by permitting it. Providing, of course, if there is blood enough to practice with. If the amount of blood of your body is insufficient it is foolish to exercise thusly, because failure, nay functional nervous diseases would be the result. The brain is the reservoir of some, yet unexplored, energy for the breathing apparatus, heart, stomach, liver, etc., especially the kidneys. It is only when the cranial energy is used conclusively for other things than it was fitted for that the functional part of the nerves flags.

The brain plainly was not intended at first to monkey with the unknown, or hanker after inspiration, or understand the Bible, or find out what a soul is made of. Its business primarily and perhaps exclusively is to furnish vitality to the various parts of the human body. It is no wonder at all that real brain-workers go down in health and that those who merely exercise their nervous system wax strong, that Darwin, Spencer and other real brain-workers are invalids and that the ward politician, who does perhaps three times their amount of work daily but merely repeats, is healthy. It is that searching, questioning, testing brain labor that hurts, not the

superficial repeating of known things learned by rote. High pressure lucidity without excitement is needed to see the truth. High pressure lucidity is founded on blood consumption. Supply of blood is founded primarily on food—the much despised square meal. Secondly on “fresh” air, i. e., breathing. For breathing you need a certain amount of excitement. Most real “thinking” is a breathless employment with merely cerebral excitation. Breathlessness is equivalent to death. What is the sigh but a rebelling of the lungs for want of air?

Let those then who worry and think cultivate lots of pleasant excitement, breathe by will power deep and often and eat the most nourishing, concentrated natural (not chemical) food. Gymnastics for the young is preeminently a lung-strengthenener, lung-expander, a lung foundation. Sense, after all, is only a large, rich oxygen-freighted blood volume vigorously propelled through the brain. Muscular strength the same circulated in the muscles, and no doubt a healthy blood volume is necessary for nerve power and nerve expenditure. All the different kinds of strengths of the various parts of the body are increased by practice. Practice after all is only strength giving when an increase of blood volume in the special parts exercised results. This is especially plain with brain and muscular practice, not quite so with nerve exercise. No doubt nervous weakness is readily overcome by “practice” too, but success is not achieved always with great alacrity, in fact, failure is about as common and complete as can be. The reason for this must often be sought in the

physiological fact that the blood volume on account of heat and muscular exercise tends preponderingly to the surface of the body, and as nerve trunks lie deeper in the body and the human anatomy receives externally through a warm climate, stoves, heaters or clothing a constant heat, which no doubt starves the nerves of the blood volume that "practice" would seek to draw to them. This explains at once why well nourished races of the temperate climate are nervously superior to those of a hotter atmosphere, why constant heat debilitates and why cold baths judiciously administered, invigorate. It follows then whoever is desirous of increasing his nerve strength he must mechanically, once or twice a week at least, compel the volume of blood to retreat from the surface to the interior to nourish, replenish and build up the stunted nerve fiber mere will power alone, cannot accomplish that. Exercise alone is not enough. Cold, as cold air and water is the most efficient if the warmth of the body can be made to return. Atmospheric pressure heavier than the sea level would give, might perhaps in a pleasanter manner drive the blood into a concentrated shape to the nerve-chords and limb centers, but not everybody is able to condense air or climb often enough into the bowels of the earth. Since cold externally applied causes blood to recede to the interior, warmth or heat will cause it to advance. *Heat therefore applied likewise internally* will also draw the blood to the interior, provided the difference of temperature between inside and outside

is as great as the cold bath would give. Hot water drank on an empty stomach will concentrate externally and near the nerve trunks almost as much blood as the cold bath would. Therefore in nervous training or nervous strengthening hot, (not warm) water drinking is beneficial. Ice water drinking since it chases the blood to parts where generally it is not needed, is injurious. No blood or a little blood in the stomach means there weakness, unease and disease. In using cold for nerve strengthening let the grown up child beware of constant cold, excessive cold or cold at the wrong time. All trainers for nerve strength should also bear in mind that the blood volume cannot well be utilized for head, muscles, nerves, stomach or bowels at once and at the same time. By strengthening one you must rob the other. You cannot rob all at once. The excessive thinker besides robs the whole body. The strengthening of the minor trunks by blood support on the other hand, rather supports it.

To increase one's heart action there is no better drug than joy, jovility and pleasant excitement. Therefore have lots of fun. But remember noisines, boisterousness, rackets, rows and yelling is only the fun of an idiot.

Sleep plenty and sound. Your neighbors dog, or piano, or laughter should not disturb you, but if it does take firm steps to have it stopped on the law of self-preservation. Eat plenty, drink wine and beer, or hire some body to learn you, drink it without making an ass of yourself.

Remove all clouds and nightmares from the peace

of your mind and others and be not always catching the next train.

4. Let your gospel be happiness to yourself and fellow men. Fight only the common enemy, such as the scribe, the pharisee, the saviours of mankind and the human joy-killing poison toad, male and female and remember honesty is the best policy. If you must lie do not lie to yourself.

5. Remember that sere and yellow old age made the rules and regulations for mankind and that the sources of most morality, written and unwritten law are revenge, grudge, ignorance and biliousness.

6. As nothing is gained by indolence, not even health, induce *all women* to do work of some useful kind, but bear ever in mind that a woman doing real brain labor or worrying must necessarily use up part of the fountain head of her energy and bearing healthy children can hardly be possible. Poor women should breed less than richer ones if at all, for economic reasons. To breed for revenue, for sweating, for scum, for misery, for failure in life, for agony or premature death is a worse sin than murder, more hellish than abortion, more fiendish than devil-worship and joy-killing.

7. Do not sling mud at the frail sisterhood. But bear in mind that as population gets denser their respectability increases. Their only offence after all is shirking toil. But most of them could not get work, no matter how willing to toil. Most are female loafers by compulsion, but nevertheless bear a heavy yoke. They are besides one mighty factor to prevent humanity from becoming much cheaper

and nastier than the scribe and pharisee seek to make it.

8 Support the institution called matrimony whenever it results in happiness to the contracting parties and gives the children a "raising." Bear in mind when it fails to do this it is an abomination and not by any means holy.

9. Know that this world owes nobody a living, that life is the struggle of a twolegged mistake, that a little usefulness and death only can correct.

10. Flowers and women make men honorable. But there is too much female propriety, respectable cussedness and antipathy to men and gentlemen on the part of the women. Oppose this in a pleasant, courteous, but unrelenting manner. But remember the knight of a lady is also a knight defraying expenses. Every man by nature is at last the knight of one lady. By the term lady no highperched, useless, unsympathetic, posing and exacting female is meant.

11. The men that think themselves entitled to a virgin should be able to pay the terrible price that it costs. Whichever individual insists on a woman staying a virgin until death relieves her agony commits an unpardonable sin. Sexual affinity is the only true foundation of matrimony. Virginity may be instrumental in producing a healthy "first born" but 50 per cent. of the virtue of the former is worried away in struggles, tears and troubles of the virtuous. The most superb babe may shrivel for the lack of food and pernicious scribe and pharisee rais-

ing. The virginal plum after all is a barbaric plum.

12. Honor the living more than the dead. Do not try to save funeral expenses but face the inevitable. Any lawyer or public orator can deliver your funeral oration. You need not a preacher to prepare an "awful warning" for the contribution plate. Reduce all funeral expenses and funeral pomp.

13. If you have lived up to the truth such as the most perfect human minds have discovered you no doubt will go to heaven, if there is one.

As no government (anarchy) on account of the ever present pharisee in the land would not be good for the majority of the people and as honest men even are not qualified to rule others the following sins might be made punishable by law: (Law latin for the sake of brevity is left out here.)

1. To punish any law-maker, legislator, alderman, etc., with at least ten years in the penitentiary, who has committed the heinous offense of multiplying, or of making, or assisting in passing any unnecessary law against his fellow men, which without becoming obsolete had to be repealed, as unjust, worthless, tyrannical, detrimental, or which must be considered a dead letter. For law-making is crime-making both direct and indirect,

2. If law-making is right to punish first and foremost any newspaper editor or proprietor, or author of a book, or preacher, or lecturer, with twenty years in the penitentiary, who intentionally or inadvertently proclaims any thing as fact or truth that exact science up to date considers falsehood. A

partial telling of the truth by the above or a statement with the light thrown on it from only one side shall amount to the same, i. e., falsehood. The preacher who sells lots in the golden perhaps and collects money for the same shall be especially liable.

2. If gambling is a crime to punish also that real estate or property owner with five years in the penitentiary who with glowing advertisements or other devices allures the unsophisticated and robs them wholesale or on the installment plan or with high rent, by increasing rent or inflating values artificially, and drowns the wails of his victim by hiring a brass band, a council or legislature or plies devices to boom the real estate gambling institutions.

3. To punish any judge, justice of the peace, police justice or mayor with ten years in the penitentiary who admits or rejects evidence or questions and answers only according to the legal red tape in vogue and contrary to justice or humane utilitarianism, or who charges a jury in a one-sided manner calculated to obscure pertinent points. For whatever is legal need not be right, and law is not always justice. The more so since lawful right is more or less only lawful might. The defeated minority may not be entitled to any right, but the majority should not be permitted to strike or kick anybody when he is down.

5. If suicide is punishable to punish also as a misdemeanor, anybody who contracts wilfully or through negligence, any disease, such as smallpox, ague, typhoid fevers, cholics, colds, boils, consumption, etc., etc., which being preventable more

or less would teach speedily lessons of hygiene

6. To punish any married man with five years in jail who flaunts into the face of a rejected and broken-up single man the marriage license as a divine power to run the earth for himself and his married kind.

7. To punish any married women with five years imprisonment who through spite, malice or grudge uses tongue, nails, sticks, claws or a sixshooter on either single men or women and asserts that matrimonial licentiousness gives her special rights to make war.

9. To permit a charter to be issued to circles of married men and their families for the purpose of exchanging wives and husbands, furniture, opinions or children, for a longer or shorter periods and according to strict selectness and propriety among them, but to punish any man or woman of such circle with death who shall go howling about the streets or dwellings saying that his or her family honor being ruined or his or her marital rights had been violated, especially after his or her particular clique should happen to split up.

10. Since the State seems to find it impractical to replace stolen goods, embezzled funds or damage done by criminals to at least employ convicts for the common good of the "better" people, and not against them. To make a penitentiary self-supporting plainly is not enough.

SAMPE LINE OF SCRIBE AND PHARISEE VILLANY.

Below are collected for better elucidation sins of the literary and as near as possible, of the "good" non-literary. Nature of the mischief caused by their suppositions and assertions and where involved, mischief and disease is found below each item. Sins of ommission are not mentioned. Political sins and personal squabbles—their name is legion—are left out because founded more or less only on the kind of criminality given below. Of course these are only the few rotten grains in the wheat and chaff that are uppermost and within reach. Transgressions against the true, the beautiful and the good the reader can find plentiful anywhere and the more examination progresses the plainer the mischief will be apparent. Each territory too differs in kind. The reader is invited to judge for himself.

NEWSPAPERS, PERIODICALS, ETC.

In *Judge*, March 8, 1890: "Our too feeble science."

Judge's Crime—Slur at science.

Causes Mischief such as distrust of science by the people, slow advance of science and truth. Church aggression. Sometimes large money donations given to the church in place of for the benefit of mankind. Proper remedies in dangerous diseases not applied because science "too feeble."

In the *Standard*, New York, a single tax paper:

"I. The single tax is formed on the ethical principle that all men are equally entitled to what God created.

"2. Each man" (whether loafer, surplus outcast or criminal,) "is entitled to all his labor creates."

Crime: Mischievous falsehood. For, 1st. No man-discovered or man-invented deity ever created any thing that could possibly belong to "all" men. It is not a principle. It is not an ethical principle.

2. Since the earth belongs to the living and not the dead, some of the unborn must pay "increment" or permission to live. As the earth is limited, the right to maternity and employment, etc., is limited.

Mischief: Discontent, useless worry, discords, strikes, labor riots, pinkerton murders, over population, poverty, squalor, hunger, starvation.

Disease: Complaints peculiar to the poor and incident to over-crowding, worry or discontent.

Once a Week, September 8, 1891: "Un-American tendencies. . . . Do newspaper editors disregard the truth, as a rule; are they even largely addicted to this habit? . . . The United States will continue to grow great, glorious wealthy, because we are free."

Crime: Aiding and abetting pernicious patriotism and falsehood.

The goddess of liberty "may not be drunk with success" but she certainly is "drifting along in the appalling gravitation towards the government by boodle in the hands of the unscrupulous minorities." The days of freedom, too, are long past.

Eugene M. Camp in *Century*, July, 1891: "Mere wrong because it is wrong is never retailed," (by newspapers).

Crime: Falsehood. The newspapers are not great moral institutions, if they do good some times.

Eugene M. Camp in *Century*, July, 1891: "What obligation rests upon the dealer in news (newspaper editor) that does not likewise rest upon the dealer in flour, in meat, etc."

Every obligation as an educator.

In *New York Ledger*, June 13, 1891: "A senseless warfare—that against the church. The history of science is in fact a history of exploded theories."

Crime: A stab at science.

Mischief: Blind belief, sumptuary laws, money spent to worship the devil, oppression, unhappiness, neglect of life.

In *Detroit Free Press*, August 6, 1891: "I am a poor young woman who seems to have no attraction for the opposite sex, although possessed of unusual beauty and great talent. What advice do you give me? CAROLINE.

Answer: Trust in Providence, Caroline, and keep your powder dry.

There never was a goose so gray,
But some day soon or late,
An honest gander came that way,
And choose her for his mate.

If you could add a fine large bank account to your existent attractions it might create a boom."

Crime: Mischievous advice.

Mischief: Ruining the best part of her life or luring her on to spinsterhood. Powder will not keep dry. A bank account?

Diseases: Nostalgia, impotence, merasmus, insanity, (mania).

New York World, August 9, 1891: "The trend of philosophy is too large for the human mind to lift. . . From the beginning the philosopher has started out by trying to know unknowable things."

Crime: A malicious slur at science.

Mischiet: Hiding the truth and favoring ignorance.

Baltimore Sun, June, 1891: "Food supply and population. Mr. Ravenstein's statistics do not concern us of the present generation very vitally. We can leave the solution to our great-grandchildren. If any race must go to the wall it may be confidently predicted it will not be the white race."

Crime: Neglect of duty, aiding and abetting sins against the unborn, a slap in the face of the western farmer with a mortgage.

Mischief: Increase of pauperism, suffering, suicide.

Diseases: Most complaints of the poor and crowded.

Public Opinion, June 20, 1891: "To be an atheist now is to be an owl blinking in the broad sunlight of knowledge. True science cannot be pressed into the service of atheism. This work (Prof. Buchner's *Force and Matter*) is only one more unsuccessful effort to establish "The Gospel of Dirt."

Crime: Mischievous falsehood and malicious slurs at science, aiding and abetting priestcraft.

Mischief: Devil-worship, arrested progress, neglect of life, sumptuary laws.

New Orleans Morning Star and Catholic Messenger, August 1891: "One of the most widely accepted of those *pieces of nonsenses* is the dictum that human anergy is affected by climate . . . Human energy has reached its fullest development in every kind of climate and every latitude except the frigid zone. The equatorial regions furnish us with the history of Carthage and Egypt, the heated latitudes with Tyre and Sidon, Troy and Babylon, etc."

Crime: Sophistry.

Mischief: Wrong rules of life.

Diseases: Neurasthenia and climatic complaints.

New York World, quoted in August, 1891: "A combination between marriage and concubinage has its drawbacks." *Common law marriage apparently only identical with concubinage.* "Individual liberty is a sacred possession, but individual licence is quite a different thing. . . Marriage liberty seems to be rapidly degenerating into licence."

Crime: Malicious sophistry. Since liberty is the prerogative of the free and licence only, an allowance given to the vassal or slave, but liberty nevertheless, confusing or destroying ideas of true liberty.

Mischief: Blue laws; death to happiness, celibacy; wasted lives; slavery; insults with the christian epithet bastard.

Diseases: Nostalgia, abortion and syphilis.

Rev. Wm. Barry in *Catholic World* of August, 1891: "The physical basis of immortality . . is purpose and design. What I affirm in these words is not rhetoric, not sentiment, but proved and certain science,"

Crime: Mischievous falsehood. It is not only not proved and certain, but no science at all. A succession of sequences without beginning or end, does not prove design or purpose.

Mischief: False notions of life; distrust of the truth; devil worship; decline of "good" charity and forbearance.

The Iconoclast, Texas, August 8, 1891: "Man and his maker . . . Your evolutionist . . . cannot go to the beginning of anything, nor on to the end. Thus far science

and philosophers have only succeeded in showing us what is false not demonstrating what is true."

Crime: Dangerous sophistry. For as there is no first cause, because the first cause must also be an effect, so there cannot be an end, or last cause and the evolutionists has been both to beginning and end and proved long ago that cause and effect are eternal with no show whatever for beginning or end. Showing what is false besides must leave some truth.

Other Crimes: Aiding and abetting false teaching, god in the constitution war.

The Iconoclast for August, 1891: "Every human soul is a spark of divinity."

Crime: 1. Tickling the perching instinct in the wrong quarter.

2. Establishing bugaboos or devil-deities.

Mischiet: False aircastles of immortality, neglect of life, persecutions and low, selfish passions.

F. M. Reid in *Century*, August 20, 1891: See this little acorn? In it is hid the power able to create, with the aid of outside influences, a hundred-branched oak tree, whose every leaf will be a marvel of workmanship that no human skill can imitate.

Crime: Wretched sophistry and mischievous word-juggling. For if no human skill can imitate an oak leaf that does not prove that a devil-deity can.

Mischief: False philosophy, God-ideas, God in the constitution worry, sumptuary laws.

Cincinnati Enquirer, August 26, 1891: . . . The people of Ohio enacted a law that no license to marry should be

granted where the female is under the legal age of majority. . . .

Similarly and for the same purposes, the commonwealth of Kentucky passed a like law . . . and enforced it.

But note what happens! Some worthless whelp picks up an innocent or ignorant child, runs across the river . . . and gets married. . . .

Is there no remedy. . . . ?

Crime: Aiding and abetting pernicious hay-seed law-making and trying to defraud young women of more or less liberty.

Mischief: Loss of chances to marry, spinsterhood, loss of happiness, weak men.

Disease: Impotence, marasmus, nostalgia, neurasthenia.

New York Herald, August 17, 1891: Prints Sam Jones' hot shot discourse at Prohibition Park against saloons, dancing, foreigners, Sunday fishing, recreation, etc.

Crime: Aiding and abetting moral gospel-hunkidunks, aiding false education.

Mischief: Worry, denials, white capism, white crossism.

Disease: Marasmus, religious mania, idiocy, nostalgia.

Detroit Press, August 27, 1891; "The Bible . . . is a book that solves our deepest problems."

Crime: A dangerous falsehood. The Bible does not insure immortality any more than any other production of the Scribes and Pharisees. It does not solve a single one of the burning questions of the day as poverty, misery, starvation, disease and death. As a pleasant humbug it is poor and inefficient.

Mischief: Fostering all the evils that human flesh is heir to.

Diseases: All of man's diseases under the sun. All the plagues of the earth.

New York *Ledger*, August 29, 1891: "Every circumstance contributes to render early rising advisable . . ."

Crime: Dangerous advice and mischievous falsehood.

Mischief: Loss of needed rest, restlessness, destroying the only opportunity left for sleep after midnight.

Diseases: Insomnia, (psychic, toxic and senile) misery in after years and premature decline, premature death.

Kansas City S. Sun, October 18, 1891: ". . . Wants to know where the tall lady goes every evening at 3 o'clock?"

"Mike Kelley's awful dive, the cover jerked off the Jefferson honk-a-tonk, where white society bucks meet and pass the time with colored damsels. The light turned on. A lot of skunks skinned."

Crime: Stinking explained page 32 and mischievous lying. It is not even telling disagreeable truths. Hanging out dirty linen and soiling clean underwear in the editorial sanctum and scattering punk is not truth. The town-yap and country-jay is no authority on moral truths or moral fakes.

In connection with the general foul tenor of the Sun, causing

Mischief: Such as secret vice on one side, poverty, matrimonial squalor and increase of proletariat on the other; also quarrels, fights, murders, law suits,

divorces, endless worry, blasted lives, suicide, white-cap outrages, white-cross outrages, outrages of every description, but mostly lost manhood, lost womanhood, blue laws.

Diseases : Abortion, marasmus, nostalgia, neurasthenia, insanity, kidney troubles, syphilis, (the latter by the purity route.)

St. Louis Republic, August 30, 1891 : Thunder, natural and artificial . . . there is a vast amount of bad guessing in the very best science there is at present.

Crime : A slur at the best science, causing mischief as: general distrust of the truth, disastrous experiments, arrest of genuine improvements. Neglect of hygiene.

Atlanta Constitution, end of August, 1891 : Era of genuine reform . . . look out for a great religious revival . . . something of the old Puritan spirit . . . will come back.

Crime : Inciting to, encouraging, aiding and abetting Puritan persecutions.

Mischief : Devil-worship, or golden calf contributions, degeneracy into medaeval barbarity.

New York Herald, August 8, 1891 : "France has lived through two decades of aggressive irreligion, and now there has come another swing of the pendulum . . . Young France . . . is reacting, slowly but surely, against the materialism, the positivism the naturalism, the atheism, which were so popular but fifteen years ago. Young France is tolerant."

Crime : Conveying a false impression and digging a foundation for the golden calf. For when David slew Goliath he too became tolerant. But

France's tolerance, if there is any, must be due to degeration caused by scribes and priest-craft.

Dallas News, September 16, 1891: "Don't drink intoxicating liquor, it will not make you better . . . and finally proves your everlasting ruin. Don't use tobacco in any form, it undermines your health . . . and no possible good can come from using it."

Crime: Mischievous advice.

Mischief: Nastier habits like snuff-dipping, gum-chewing, pill-taking, drugging.

Diseases: Neurasthenia, anæmia, malaria.

Ladies' Home Journal, September, 1891: "The girl to be avoided," (the fast girl).

Crime: Dangerous high perching and malicious joy-killing.

Mischief: Deadening of the brighter female's faculties, celibacy, weak and unnatural women.

Diseases: Nostalgia, insanity, anæmia, palpitation of the heart.

George P. Garrison in the *Texas School Journal*, quoted in *Public Opinion* September 19, 1891: "Perhaps the worst effect of utilitarian education is that it destroys the disposition to form and strive after ideals . . . Boys are taught to narrow the channels of their mental activity . . . before they have . . . become capable of choosing for themselves. This will inevitably result in making them narrow-minded, prejudiced men, unfit to be either neighbors or citizens, and blind to the best opportunities which life contains."

Crime: Ignorance and mischievous sophistry. Narrow-mindedness, prejudice and fool ideals are exactly what non-utilitarian education turns out, if it does not deaden aspiration.

Mischief: Waste of precious time, waste of life, disgust with education, disgust with life.

North American Review, August, 1891, printing the article, "Vampire Literature, by Anthony Comstock."

Crime: Since neglecting to answer it: 1. Stinking. 2. Attacking liberty. 3. Laying the first propriety foundation for secret vice. 4. Defrauding both men and women from their natural happy tendencies. 5. Cultivating misdirections of the sexual instinct and manufacturing Jack the Rippers wholesale or *en miniature*.

Mischief: Deadening all natural impulses, causing more degeneracy of the human anatomy by the refinement and decency route; loss of sense; loss of happiness; medaeval slavery; persecutions, white capism, white crossism.

Diseases: Nostalgia, neurasthenia, all the nervous horrors of secret vice, insanity, impotence, syphilis, kidney disorders, Bright's disease.

Weekly Rocky Mountain News, September 23, 1891: "Morals vs. dogma. Should this particular congress (for formulating a standard of morality) be held its scope of work, could not be more profitably directed than enforcing upon christian denominations the importance of requiring the members to be as dilligent in good morals as they are zealous in their devotion to ritual or creed.

Crime: Aiding and abetting christian persecution—morality.

Mischief: Blue laws, crusades, destruction of property, murder for the sake of honor and morality, secret vices.

Diseases: Neurasthenia, marrasmus.

The Evening Scimitar, Memphis, Tenn., April 3, 1891 :
“ A wronged husband . . . Instead of being after the man who occupied apartments with his wife, Burt is hunting Morgan, the man who had the pair arrested . . . with intention of doing him up.”

Crime: Stinking (page 32) and trying to defeat justice. This husband plainly knows who wronged him. The adulterer never is as guilty as the stinker and persecutor, be he a Morgan or a newspaper.

Mischief: Lawlessness, savagery, white cap highway outrages, divorces.

Diseases: Death.

Austin Statesman of September, 1891, quoted: “ Brutal prize fights in Dallas take place in the old Episcopal church on Commerce street. The walls that once echoed to the sweetest music, to the chanting of choirs and deep-toned organ notes, now giving back oaths and vile speeches of a motley mob, is a sight to move the wonders of gods and men.”

Crime: Stinking, (page 32). An old church used for a brutal prize-fight serves a nobler purpose than when used for heathenish golden calf worship or bellowing forth prayers to a demon deity.

Social Economist, July, 1891, page 311: “ Nothing that Mills and Malthus prophesied has come to pass—though population has increased wondrously, means of subsistence multiplied still faster, wages have risen and carried profits up with them . . . Obviously ‘ something is rotten in the state ’ of Mill-dom.”

Crime: 1. A slur at science and truth.

2. Falsehood.

The prophecies of both Mills and Malthus have come true more or less in any country. If a lucky

discovery of a new country and of machinery, a war and the robbing of some richer nation, better transportation, etc., temporary patched-over misery and poverty their conclusions, are not necessarily false. Poverty is increasing and not necessarily so because riches are transferred to the few.

Mischief: The aggravating of that superhuman struggle for existence.

New York Independent (Evangelical) quoted in *Public Opinion*, October 10, 1891: "The great Christian Paradox; what is a seed of wheat? Absolutely nothing, useless, mere inert matter, till it is destroyed. The process of its destruction makes it precious. It is ground up and becomes food, the staff of life. It decays in the ground and by the process produces a hundred fold. Except it die it bringeth forth no fruit. What is a candle? No other or better than a bit of clay until it begins to be consumed, and then it fulfills the noble purpose of its existence, in giving light to all that are in the house; but in that process of being itself luminous and admirable it is utterly destroyed. It is a spiritual law, and on it Christianity is based." (In substance, consume yourself and you will be the gainer, starve yourself and you will wax fat, die and you will stay alive.)

Crime: 1. Criminal fallacy.

2. Mischievous lying. For the great Christian paradox is not a spiritual law nor any other law.

3. Fraud in favor of the contribution box.

Mischief: Christian low passions perpetuated and fed. Misery increased.

Illustrated American, October 24, 1891: "Sunday and the fair . . . Would it not be preferable to open the fair in part? It would be incongruous with our American ideas to have the exposition in full operation as on a week day."

Crime: Aiding and abetting the connivances of priest and parsoncraft.

Mischief: Filling of the contribution plate with coins that are needed for better purposes than devil-worship or celestial un-real estate.

Almost any rural newspaper: "Minnie X., an inmate of a South street dive, ended her worthless existence last night by the morphine route. Her foul carcass was taken care of by Z., the undertaker."

Crime: Brutal barbarity and giving the last kick to the friendless, homeless suicide.

Mischief: More friendlessness, more suicide.

Almost any rural paper and *Kansas City S. Sun* of November 15, 1891: A notorious family . . . Sedalions should take the law in their hands and drive them away as the grand jury will do nothing. . . . The probability is . . . that the people ere long will take matters into their own hands and bounce these people out of the neighborhood with a good coat of tar and feathers.

Crime: Inciting to law-breaking and outrage.

Mischief: White cap outrages, hangings, murder, secret vice. Hangings of innocents, burning alive, skinning alive, beating or shooting to death.

Disease: Nostalgia (broken heart), neurasthenia, insanity.

Arena, November, 1891, page 766: "To feed the rum-inflamed lusts of men, the manager of these craters of bestiality and depravity have nightly exhibitions which mark the nadir to which abandoned womanhood can sink. . . . If the church has any mission worthy of serious thought at this juncture of civilization, that mission is to overcome this evil, etc.

Crime: Malicious joy-killing, aiding and abetting fanaticism. The church's mission is "self" and with moral hunki-tunks to destroy pleasure in any form so that the child of man must seek nepenthe in the hot beds of social pollution. The church is the foundation of social depravity and cancer spots of life.

BOOKS.

Error's Chains: How Forged and Broken, by Frank L. Dobbins and one LL. B., Ph. D. for assistants. A complete, graphic and comparative history of the many strange beliefs, superstitions, practices, sacred writings, etc. Page 767: "At first, we have seen the world worshipped one God; then many gods and idols were introduced. Repeated efforts to restore the pure worship of primitive times ended in failure. Zoroaster tried and failed; Buddha tried, and he failed; Mohamed tried, and he failed; Jesus, the Christ, tried and he did not fail." Page 769: "Compare the best parts of the best of the heathen religions with any part of christianity. One cannot but see the marked contrasts, and the infinite superiority of christianity. This being so, then does it not follow that they who are seeking to give the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the world are rendering a service to humanity?"

Crime: Mischievous sophistry and falsehood. Christ has not succeeded in restoring the worship of one God. It is not proven that primitive worship was for a single deity exclusively. The superiority of christianity does not prove that the heathen would be benefitted by it.

Rational Psychology, by Laurens P. Hickok, D. D., page 451: "Action and reaction, attraction and repulsion, centripetal and centrifugal agencies fill the whole, sphere of

universal nature, but no working of physical forces can press back of the central point in which they have their genesis, and invate the world of the supernatural."

Page 541: "All this is conditional and held in necessity by somewhat that has gone before . . . and can be but nature still, making no possible approximation towards the supernatural . . . The fact therefore that man comprehends nature in the compass of an absolute personality is demonstrating that he is soul.

Crime: Mischievous sophistry and false terminology. The unknown up to date is not the supernatural. Man does not comprehend nature entirely and if he did it would not necessarily prove that he was made up partly of the supernatural (soul.)

Montieth Physical Geography, school book, page 42: "Even the necessity of coal in the working of iron ore, was provided for by Him."

Crime: 1. Teaching non science and false principles. 2. Robbing the young of their most precious chances of mind development.

Progress and Poverty, by Henry George, its

Crime: False and dangerous terminology. The title of the book should have been "Scribe and Pharisee Retrogression and Poverty. The arguments should have been plain, thus: Two men have more standing room in a tub than one. The more birds there are the more worms, and bigger ones. The Desert of Sahara is held for speculation. Duping is progress and gain.

Mischief: Delay of true remedies and much useless wear and tear of body and mind.

Etc., etc., etc.



It will be seen that untruths, such as "improved food manufacture," "the nation's grief and gloom over a departed queen," war alarms, reports to depress or raise the price of stocks, canards, political distortion and exaggeration of facts, booms and swindling transactions, the marketing of personal spite and malice for revenue and revenge, likewise ante-mortem obituaries of noted scientists and free-thinkers, pickings at the bones of Voltaire, Paine, Bruno and Darwin by the daily press are not detailed, and the dangerous champagne—and feather-bed optimism of authors not aired because all these sink into insignificance at the havoc and disaster wrought by *their fierce war on natural laws, true utility and benefit.*